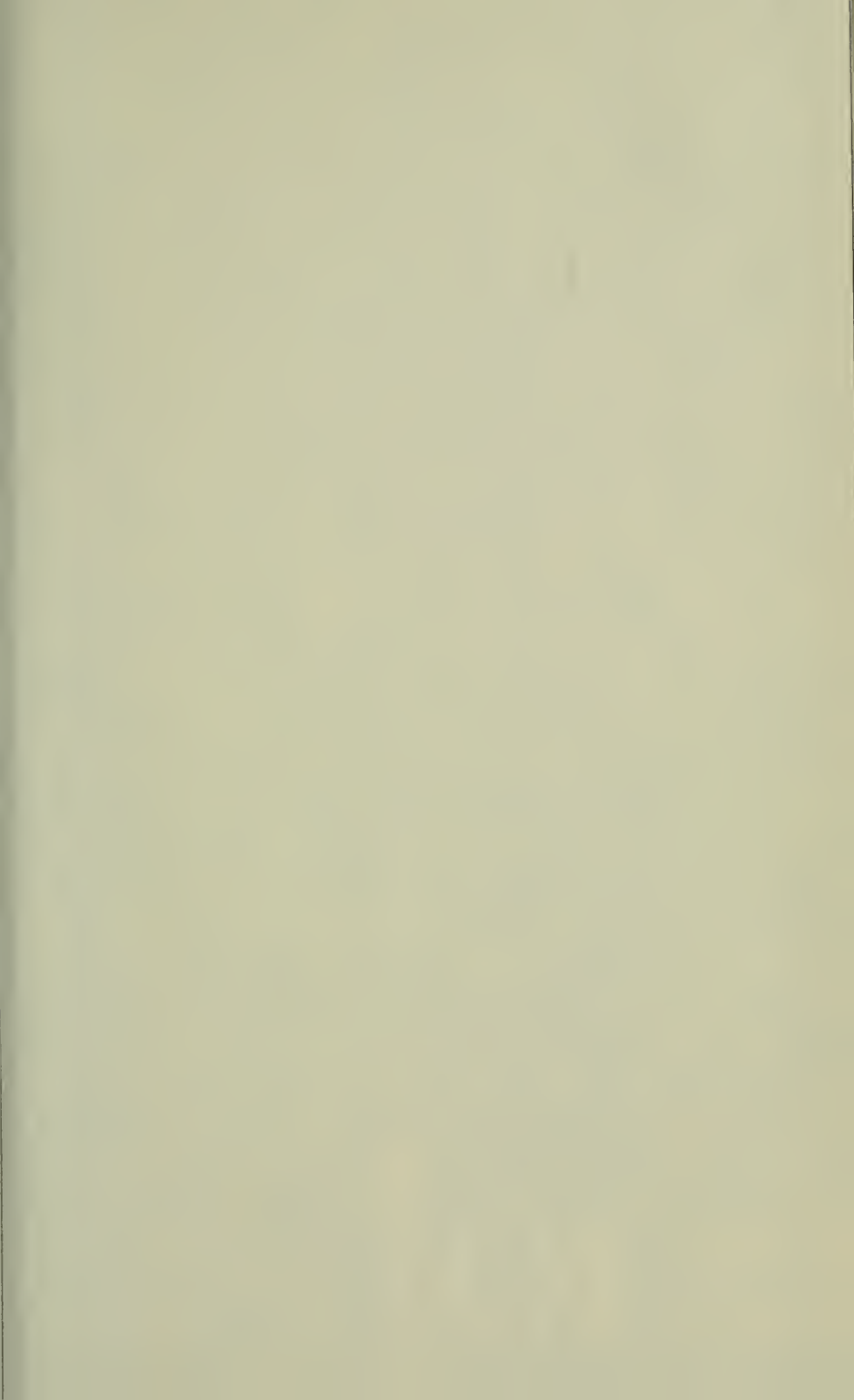


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loria

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE
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Ego

● Beatrix Duffy '59

how can i who am but learning me
express my all to other men?

more, what is there within that i
should want to share my soul
with them?

i cannot give not knowing why, or
knowing why reflecting not:

i am too young to love.

no deep support to life as yet is
truly mine

sole greatness i may claim is Faith
but that, alas, is as a friend, un-
earned;

yet i know and know full well what
quicken:

i begin to think, thus to live.

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Night Journey

● Teresa Sweeney '61

"That woman", muttered Janice inwardly, scrutinizing the grey-clad figure across the train's aisle, "that woman looks like she's been hypnotized, almost. Her eyes are so deep, and yet so blank! She's staring past me, through me, out the window, but I don't believe she's seeing what's ahead of her."

Suddenly uncomfortable, she shifted, and caught a glimpse of the wet night hurling by.

Was she dreaming, or had the train thundered past a station without stopping? Startled, Janice peered through the elliptical window into the rain-soaked night. The bright lights of the city were beginning to recede distantly now, and the train sped on its single-suspension cable through the dream-still suburbs.

It was one of the newly-installed lines, with bullet-shaped steel cars that hung from an express cable extended from station to station throughout the countryside.

"I must be mistaken," she thought to herself, settling more comfortably into the processed

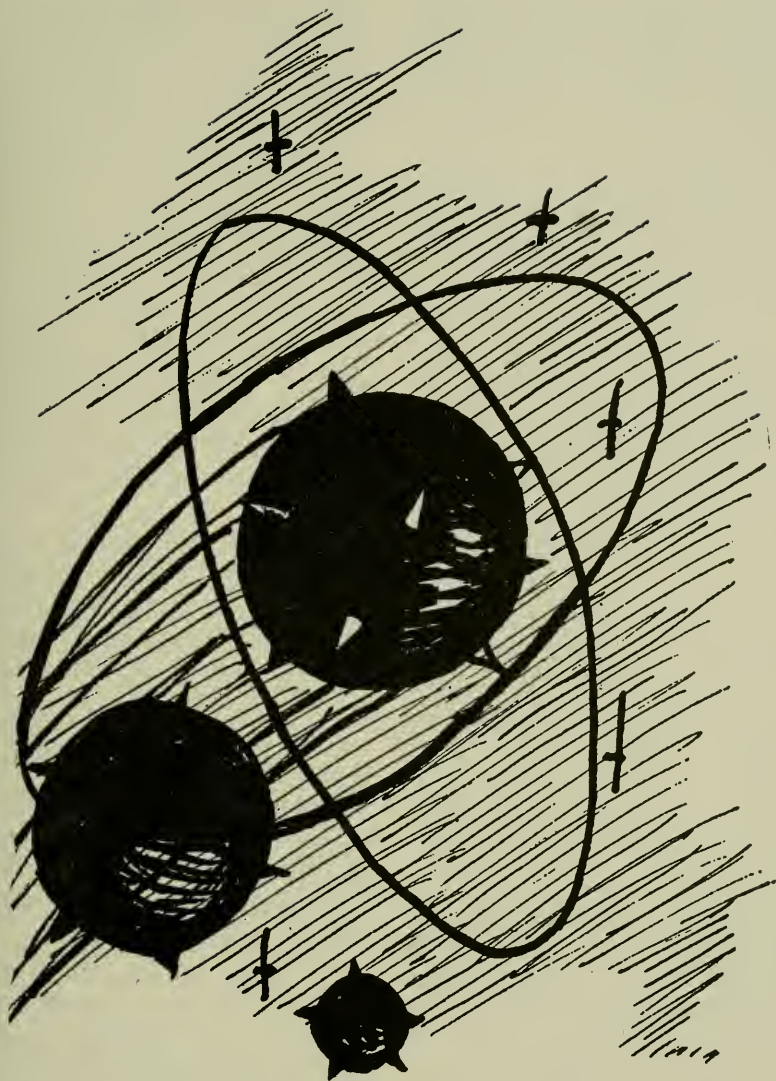
rubber seat. "The night is doing queer things to me. Imagining wild things about a tired-looking commuter, and now, this positively eerie feeling that we've passed a station."

She watched her fellow-passengers with mild interest. Almost hastily her eyes brushed the middle-aged couple at the furthest end of the car, and then, fascinated, she forced her glance back to the woman who sat slightly ahead of her, across the concrete-paved aisle. Phantasmal in a grey raincoat, the woman stared dully in the same vague direction as before, her features undefined in her pale face.

Janice trembled, chilled. She smiled shakily at something she had once heard. "There's someone walking across your grave; that's what makes you shiver like that." Really!

She sat quietly, lulled by the muted roar of the electroatomic engine, and allowed her thoughts to wander, hardly aware of the tiny germ of an idea that pushed into her subconscious.

"Maybe," she reasoned, know-



ing her logic was ridiculous, "maybe we *didn't* stop at the last station. Maybe the train isn't going where it's supposed to go. Maybe," . . . She toyed with the thought, developing it for her own amusement, "I'm the victim of a tremendous hoax - and that man, and his wife, and the phantom-lady, too. Yes, and the peo-

ple scattered throughout the other cars."

"Chances are," she encouraged the humor in her train of thought, "we're all headed for the moon, or eternity, or somewhere! Why, I'll bet this line has an extension cable to the . . . the North Star!"

She smiled indulgently at her own time-passing imaginings.

She looked again at the phantom-lady, and quickly looked away. Abruptly, for the first time, she felt a lick of anxiety, and dismissed it.

Her eyes focused with difficulty and her heart leaped as she met the vacant grey stare of a man in his thirties.

"Where did he come from?" she whispered in a silent fear of her mind. "He wasn't here before. I *know* he wasn't! And his eyes, blank and dead, like the phantom-lady. We haven't stopped since before I noticed her, and I'm sure he wasn't here then."

Her confusion sought a logical explanation: "Couldn't have come through from the other cars. No connecting doors. Did we stop? Maybe. No. Why doesn't he seem to see what he's looking at? Could I have fallen asleep? I'm sure we haven't stopped? Positive."

Terrified, she rambled on with her nameless fears, but now it was not to pass the time. Now the ideas grew nearer and nearer to what she almost believed.

"Couldn't it be?" she reasoned, panic-stricken. She had heard rumors; snatches of phrases from forgotten newspaper articles repeated themselves. There was something, she remembered, as her subconscious unearthed it, about an increasing number of missing persons; the reason, as interpreted by a professor of psychiatry, laid to modern tension and amnesia. But a few, she re-

called, came from neighborhoods that would make it necessary for them to have travelled this new, frighteningly futuristic railway.

And a small, slightly humorous piece buried on page 8 or 9, about the inability of the new Transit System to keep track of its trains. One hundred working cars, it said one week, and 96, another week. It was conceivable that with the newness and inexperience of the Transit Company, trains could keep disappearing with their human cargoes for months!

"Or just suppose," she mused, "that the trains are eventually returned to their depot. Maybe it's just the - the *people* that are wanted. But by *whom*? And - for what?"

Now the thoughts caromed, unasked, into her head, crowding one another, fighting for recognition. A settlement, on another planet, in another dimension? The picture flashed on her mind's screen with awful clarity.

A cluster of low buildings, arranged evenly, precisely, on an expanse of grey-brown desert. Conforming houses on orderly streets, all populated with grey-brown people. No, that's ridiculous. She concentrated harder on the image. Not grey-brown people, but stolid figures, with dull, blank stares, phantom-like figures in non-descript working clothes.

A psychiatrist, perhaps, or scientist, tired of neuroses, psychosis, products of man's intellect. A madman . . . anxious to

change the confusion of it all, the complexity of life . . . A psychopath with a far-fetched idea (was it?) of creating a new race - of automatons, beings without wills, without initiative, inventive genius or incentive. A perfect civilization - of zombies. And to satisfy his whim, Friend Stralg devised a way.

Janice was brought up short in shock that nailed her to the seat and cut off the narrative. Where did that name *come* from? *Who* was Friend Stralg? Starkly she thought, "This is too logical: the plot, scenery, characters - they're coming too easily." An idea wormed into the maze of fear.

"Are they *my* thoughts? I never heard of anything like it. Of course I'm dreaming - and all I shall do is open my eyes." She struggled with her vision, with her mind, to wake up, but the train was real enough, the rubber seats were certainly below her, the drenched night surely rushing past outside. A flash of lightning ripped the dark curtain of sky.

"Stralg will be pleased - the electro-impulses are good."

The thought shook her. It stood

there, unspoken but real; she looked at it, detached, knowing numbly she'd created it, wondering desperately how.

A wave of fear suffocated her, and she brought a half-hysterical smile from her depths as she calmly pictured herself drowning in it. "Is fear warm or dry or wet or smooth?" she wondered as she looked across the aisle, and she heard a dramatic crescendo of music rise in her mind when the grey woman's eyes narrowed just a little - could it be? - with reflected humor. Or was it scorn?

Her heart hammered. The music grew louder. Much louder. "She's the one. One of them. Naturally. It's all in *her* mind. And somehow I'm receiving it. I can't control it. She's got it figured that way. She's here to check on us. But why *tell* me?"

And the answer came back. "Why not?" It echoed a little.

The wet window distorted her vision a little, but Janice knew with dreadful certainty that the distant dots of light were growing dim because she was going up and up and up with the train that hurtled on into the starless night.

Letters:

*The Selected Correspondence of E. P. Fitzsimmons
and E. A. Moore*

● Deloris Harrison '58

Dear Ealin,

I'm bored . . . oh not existential bored . . . just no date . . . campused bored. Haven't failed any test yet, but it's only the second week of school. I miss New York . . . Dunmore is just sorta there after New York . . . You sure they repealed prohibition! Two girls got married so they're free . . . You should see Lisabeth's engagement ring, we-e-ll on second thought you shouldn't see it — it's ghastly. Everybody was raving about how many points it was . . . What's a point? Suzanne's hair is the brightest red you've ever seen — an orange fuschai I'd call it, but I'm not very charitable . . . Are you coming up for the Concerto ball? You know one must ask four years in advance to get permission . . . No idea for a story for *The Maple*. Have you heard from Mr.? I know I'm not supposed to mention his name. Oh—I nearly forgot, how's your sister Hel? And of course your mare and pare. Eal, you know I haven't done any homework so I have to say "oh rivers."

Beta

Beta Darling,

Life is positively divine! Maureen and I double dated with two university men. We went night clubbing and to Theta's Homecoming Dance. Mr. and I are through. Are you still writing for that miserable amateurish literary magazine? Charles is up at Columbia. He's quite distinguished looking and not like the rest of these juvenile college boys. Dear, if one doesn't know what points are than one will never know. However diamonds are weighed according to carats. Must close now, I'm going out with Charles.

Ealin

Ealin ole girl,

Received your ripping letter, it was quite quaint to hear from you. Thanks ever so for information re diamonds etc. Give my regards to your pater and mater.

Elizabeth Anne Moore,
signing off here

Dear Elizabeth Anne Moore:

He was a cad. He was an unspeakable cad. Call me a silly immature youngster. I feel quite ridiculous. At this point does one crawl into a hole and die or squirm around in noisy martyrdom. Read Elizabeth Barrett for consolation but she was found wanting. Please write me balms of the heart.

Impassioned Ealin

Ealin, silly rash girl,

Old Charlie Chan could detect all the time in your previous letter impending doom . . . Very sorry chopp, chopp! Emily Dickinson is more apropos I should think. Forget love. Delve headlong into new activities . . . Sleep is the best therapy possible . . . How's Hel, did she get her basketball yet? "Valerie Seymour The Eighth" is getting a portable television for her room. Color *naturellement*. Life is rather boring here, it's Tuesday and I have one clean shirt. I exist from day to day. How *does* one go about washing a blanket? Dee had a little accident with a beer can. Speaking of Italian restaurants do you still have your Chianti bottle? *You* tried sticking a candle in it? very funny. Well ole girl stiff upper lip. I wrote a poem for *The Maple*. Nothing special the usual - about night and loneliness . . . Don't cry, Alfred Neuman loves you.

Beta, the Confessor

Beta, friend in time of peril,

Raoul cut my hair — \$15 . . . Daddy had a stroke. I look quite Hepburnish. Life is on the upbeat again. Larry, a half god-half man, friend of Charles called me. He's different. You'd love him—he lives in the village and he's going to be a writer. N.B. he has a Volkswagon I finally went to a Modern Art Gallery. Larry says they're the only kind. He's quite striking in an earthy sort of way, but he never takes me anyplace one has to pay to get into. He's so different. He's always quoting poetry at me and You know I know no one but E.B. He says she's positively provincial. Who's Gertrude Stein? I've heard of T.S. Elliot naturally, but she escapes me. Well, Beta I'm through with traditional ivy league men.

Ealin-la boheme

P.S. He doesn't belong to a frat!

Ealin,

Some distant voice tells me that your half god - half man is rather tall and thin. That he has dramatic eyes—and no money. He sounds interesting. Have you been to his apartment? Does he have chairs? Does he drink absinthe? What color Volkswagon? You can tell a man's character by the color of his Volkswagon. Well my little Mimi, I suppose you are ready to cough yourself into oblivion in some damp Greenwich village garret. "Et tu Brute" . . . after laughing at me. School is ridiculous. I have ten reports due by Friday. Three in English, two in History and two in Philosophy. Re last sub., wrote term paper on nature of reality. Ten pages cleverly written saying there is no such thing as basic reality, or I can't prove I rit this paper. Sixty one more years and I can be a philosopher great joy—*n'est pas*. If I don't study Dante I won't be an English major, so I'd better close . . . Funny some one poured red ink all over Suzanne's towel and she thought her dye had flipped its lid.

Beta, Noted English, History
and Philosophy scholar

Scholar,

What does one do with a-1 index? Hate school violently! Home is absolutely wretched—Hel is taking piano lessons. I positively live for weekends. Larry takes me to this quaint little place in the village and we drink (you know in an existential manner of course). Word of wisdom—don't ever go dutch, not even in jest. I'm hooked. One also gets tired of sitting on floors gazing at upsidedown paintings. Judy got me a date with one of her brother's (ugh) friends from N.D. I'm letting my hair grow.

Ealin, (ex) college student

Ealin of the long and flowing hair,

Went out with a Senior from the neighboring institution for Thanksgiving. Blind date, best name ever invented . . . We went to The Globe to see "Love Story." Hated picture, hated him . . . Got A- in Phil paper. N.B. minus. Finished all papers without too much loss of blood—mind gone though. Two more weeks and I'll be home. Statistics show that I most likely will make it . . . That's the only thing that shows it . . . Dee's campused - on her way in last Saturday, good ole Deirdre Murray dropped a Chianti bottle in front of The Dean's office. Loaded! The bottle that is, not the Dean *naturallement* . . . Can't wait to meet Larry and the gang. I have a new pair of sneakers and some dark glasses . . .

The late Beta Moore

Beta dear,

I'M going out to N.D. for the big game, isn't that the most . . . Terry doesn't play, he spends all his time in the lab . . . Larry's impossible. He traded in the Volks for a used (very used) Mercedes. It's a bright red. He's growing a beard, and practices Yogi all the time. Terry's getting a Mercury for Christmas. I'm working on Judy's brother so I can get you a date too. Proms are coming up you know dear and one can't go in grey sneakers and sun glasses. Really, Beta you must grow up after all you are a senior in College.

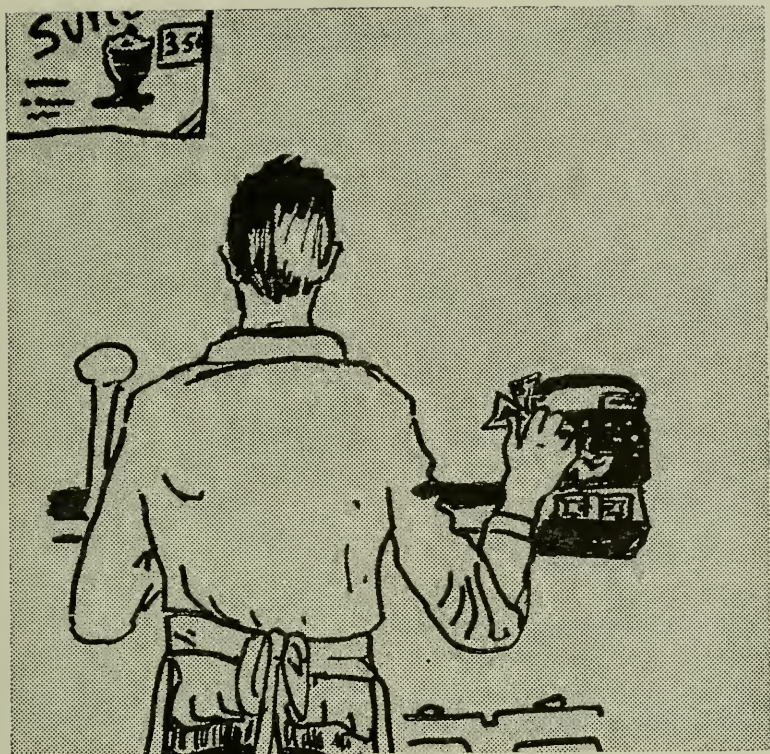
Ealin

Eileen

Thus It Is

● Jeanne Renner '58

In the still of the night the pale moon showered its golden light upon the earth. As the beams touched upon the hill, they cascaded down to the soft, moist meadow below in a celestial rain of peace. The golden carpet spread its beauty across the cool meadow and mingled with the murmur of the gentle breezes. And there came a man to trod upon this carpet of green and gold, but the moon could not make him see and the breezes could not make him hear the wonder of the night; for he was waiting for the dawn. As he waited he grew weary and fell to sleep. Whilst he was thus, night and day were wedded in the mystery of dawn. But the man could not awaken; though his dreams told him that that for which he had waited was come. When he awoke, the sun shone fiercely down upon him, the grass was dry and brown, the sky a savannah of fire, the wind, harsh and stinging. He ran blindly to escape, but wherever he ran, the sun first scorched the grass and he could not run fast enough to elude the brilliant avenger. The hours became less and suddenly the mass of flame retreated. As the exhausted man rested, the moon appeared and benevolently showered its golden beams upon the hilltop. The man saw the mantle of peace spread over the grass, once more cool and sweet, listened to the breezes gently caressing the dew, and he heard them murmuring, "how lovely is the night."



GIVE OR TAKE

● Delores D. Dereszewska, '58

Bob Neuman quickly washed the metal ice-cream scoop after serving the last customer for the night. He rinsed the deep sink with steaming hot water, glanced up at the clock, and pulled off his soiled apron. Eleven-thirty; he'd been working since four. Everything seemed to be in place as he glanced around the dimly lit shop. The front door was locked, the dark green shades drawn - he could empty the cash-register. Bob counted as he transferred the money to the small steel cash-box. Thirty-two dollars and seventy cents. Not very much . . . better wait till tomorrow night. He slammed the box shut

and slid it behind the row of tall syrup bottles to the right of the register. The thin boy sighed deeply as he glanced around the shop again. Only the low steady hum of the air-conditioner could be heard. Beads of perspiration formed on Bob's pale forehead as he edged towards the ice-cream freezer. He slowly lifted the metal strip covering the narrow space between the freezer and the counter. He slipped his fingers into the space. They touched the cold pipe that ran along the back of the freezer. Anxiously he moved his hand across the pipe - he touched it - the thick roll of paper - it was still there. Foot-

steps on the cellar door outside the shop broke the silence. Bob stood motionless for several seconds still clutching the roll of paper. The footsteps resumed; they were soon gone. Just a passer-by looking at the new display in the window. He quickly snapped the metal strip back into place, splashed his hot face with water from the fountain, and smoothed back his thin blond hair. He turned the air-conditioner down to 'ventilate', switched off the lights, and left Gorman's Sweetshop by the back door.

The cool breeze was lost on Bob as he crossed the gravel lot heading towards Richmond Avenue. Did old man Gorman suspect anything. Gorman rarely said a word he couldn't tell if the old guy were suspicious. He lessened his pace as he reached the sidewalk. If Gorman thought something was up he would have done something by now. Besides it was the old guy himself who said business slackened off during the summer with everyone going away. Bob lit a cigarette. The smoke was hot but tasteless on his dry tongue. He was still flushed. Maybe he'd better take it from behind the freezer before the old guy found it. That's silly; he'd never seen the old guy lift that strip, probably didn't even know it could be taken up. He tossed away the half-smoked cigarette. A beer would taste great now - maybe there'd be some in the refrigerator. The two story house was dark except for

the light in the kitchen. As Bob entered by the back door he noticed the note his mother had left for him on the side-board. . . . "There's cake left from dinner in the refrigerator. Try to get to bed early, you have a ten-thirty appointment with the dentist." He'd forgotten about the dentist. Tomorrow must be Friday. School started in less than three weeks. Bob opened the refrigerator and took a brown bottle from the top shelf. He wished he were in school now . . . three weeks . . . not such a long time. He entered the darkened living room and dropped into his father's easy chair. The bowling trophies on the top of the bookcase caught the light from the street lamp outside. His brother George's bowling trophies . . . damn George, if it weren't for him he wouldn't be in this mess now.

Bob and George Neuman both attended Franklin University. Bob had just completed his Sophomore year at the School of Engineering; George was to start his last year at Medical School. The brothers rarely met on campus and when they did Bob always sensed a kind of patronizing attitude on the part of his older brother. He was glad that George had only one more year at Franklin. Mechanical engineering had interested Bob and he'd done well. He had won a two year scholarship to the School of Engineering, renewable under the usual condition - that he remain in the top ten per cent of

his class. His rank in class on the top of his transcript flashed through his mind now . . . 10/86. At first he was relieved when his father hadn't noticed that part of his transcript. He'd gotten an A average and that was all the old man had seen. Bob had always been a good student. The loss of the scholarship hadn't really bothered him. He figured it was bad luck. But it was embarrassing as far as his family was concerned. George would probably razz him. He needed some time before he could tell them. Maybe he could figure something out. Anyway what difference did a couple of days make with the whole summer ahead of him. George had returned home for the summer recess about two weeks after his younger brother. Bob remembered the day well. He was just leaving for work as George came up the path. "Hi soda jerk, how you doing in your chosen field of endeavor." was George's greeting. Bob was mad, but said nothing, yet. The next day he learned that George was going to summer school. He wanted to take a couple of courses so he'd have a light program for the fall term. Bob was fed up; George hadn't worked for the past three summers. And the old man thought that the summer school idea was great! Bob decided to tell the old man about the scholarship right away. It was about time the old man realized he had another son. Maybe when he had to shell out for

his tuition he'd appreciate him too. George and the old man were in the living room that night. Good, he'd tell them together. He wondered what the old man's reaction would be. What did his father think of him anyway? Or did he think of him at all. From where he stood on the landing he could hear the conversation between the two in the living room. Something about school. The old guy was saying that George would have to budget more carefully during the next year. Business hadn't been too good. And the only reason that he'd been able to help him all the way through Medical School was because of his younger brother's scholarship. — The scholarship . . . oh God, what could he tell them. The old man had appreciated him! He'd have to figure something out. He couldn't tell them. That night Bob wandered aimlessly around town. He had to figure out a way to raise the money. He'd be able to save about 600 bucks from his summer pay. A job off campus would net another 300 to see him through. He could just about manage on that with some occasional money from home. Where could he raise 300 bucks. Borrow it. He didn't know anyone who could lend him that kind of money. Then the thought struck him; it wasn't really like stealing. He'd pay Gorman back. Besides old man Gorman had plenty. He wouldn't be hurting him. Bob recalled the first time

he had actually taken a five dollar bill from the cash box. It didn't get any easier as he went along; he was still scared everytime he took it. Bob lifted the brown bottle to his lips. It was empty. He went to bed.

The dentist's office was crowded the next morning. There were only two un-occupied seats when Bob entered the waiting room. Better come back a little later. I was hot as he walked along Richmond Avenue. Maybe he'd stop into the Library—it should be cooler there. The long stacks of books failed to attract his interest. He picked up a newspaper. Yesterday's. He hadn't read it anyway. September 2. Three more weeks. He thought of Gorman's Sweetshop. He'd better take it out of there soon. Last count he had 280 bucks. Must be over 300 now. Well, he could use a few extra dollars, anyway. He wondered how many people took money intending to return it. Plenty he guessed. Technically it was wrong he supposed, but he did intend to return it. Eleven o'clock. He'd better get back to the dentist.

He tried to get some sleep after lunch. He hadn't slept too well last night; it was too hot. Friday . . . it would be busy at the sweetshop tonight. Maybe he could take ten. At three o'clock he showered and dressed for work. Old man Gorman would probably have a couple of deliveries for him to make. He left the house at three-thirty. There was plenty of time to get to work

but he didn't feel like staying homealone. His mother had gone shopping. It was much cooler out now than it had been this morning. He'd walk down Madison Street. There was a sports jacket he wanted to look over in Gould's Men's Shop. If it didn't cost too much he might buy it. He really needed a new jacket anyway. It was a dark brown sportcoat, looked pretty nice for the money — \$25.95. Maybe he'd drop down tomorrow.

There were two girls in one of the back booths when Bob entered Gorman's Sweetshop at four o'clock. Gorman was behind the counter sweeping the floor. The old man looked at Bob for a moment before he began to speak. "You know son, you made a mistake last night about the freezer." Bob sat down at the counter and waited for the old guy to continue. "When you were putting out the lights you must have accidentally switched off the freezer button too. This morning when I came in I noticed that it wasn't working and called the repairman. He noticed that it had been shut off, but as long as he was here he said he'd check it. And he found over 300 dollars on the pipe in the back! So your mistake was really a favor to me." The boy stared blankly at the man. Gorman reached into his pocket and took a ten dollar bill from a thick roll. He handed it to the silent boy saying, "I guess you really deserve a reward for this mistake."

"By Sun or Candlelight" - it can make a big difference - I know. David is on the outside, and everyone who is anyone is inside. David is my friend.

It wasn't always this way, though - no, not back at school. That was the sun part. There were no distinctions, there was a oneness, an evenness, and as a southerner by birth and breeding, it took me a while to get used to it. Come to think of it, all those years of southern training, southern tradition were pushed to the background kind of quickly. It followed, if you sat next to a guy of a different race in class, learning the same things from the same teachers, put you on an equal footing. One thing I learned at college - the intellect knows no racial barriers. So I was prepared for David.

By Sun or Candlelight

● Katherine Restaino '61

It was a sunny September day, and classes were cancelled because of a guest lecturer. Things got off to a good start that day. Although I don't know how we ever did get together, I remember the sun was shining on the campus. It gave a oneness, an equality to everything it touched, and it missed nothing - not the red brick library, or the ivy tower clock or the gleaming red bicycles. Certainly not David.

We talked - first at random, then more intensely. We had so much in common! We talked, and the sun went down, and the lecturer finished lecturing. We each had overcut, and that seemed to seal it - we were in it together.

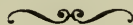
Winter came suddenly and soon that year, and with winter came mutual understanding. David is calm, clear-headed. His understatement packs a wallop. I'm a thundering, excitable guy. We made a good team, though not always serious. There was a free and easy sense of fellowship, and we both had a taste of it. How I remember that feeling of sharing.

But the others are in the drawing room now and David is on the outside, and I'm too much a coward to ask him in, and I've too good a memory to send him away. The sun gave things a oneness there, but here the candlelight Another part of me asks if he's any less the man, the friend now than he was back at school.

Back at school The sun beat down with all its might that day last June, graduation day. On the rostrum, the speakers clad in academic gowns, wiped perspiration from their faces, and soon emptied the pitchers of water. We both graduated cum laude. That's the way we did things - together. My parents were in Europe, but David's family was there. I was glad for them, glad to see the proud look on their faces. They were the kind of people you'd expect David to have.

I'm home now. I told him to come - to come here. And what if he should? Why did I say it? Of course, I know. That was at school and although I don't even know how we got together, I remember the sun was shining and it gave a oneness and equality to things.

I wish I had David's cool, clear logic right now, because I don't know. They're calling for me inside, and I can't help wondering what I would do if he were here. They wouldn't understand, my friends in the drawing room. But just how do I go about making David understand? Understand what — that friendship is relative, or is it prejudice that's absolute?



A Modern Prufrock's Lament

● Beatrice Basili '58

We have come to build
To build death's ship for man:
A mast of crimson for his blood,
A bow of ivory for his bones,
A sea of salt for his tears.

We have come to call
A Moloch for its helm,
A pilot who knows the sirens' voices
 Singing
From rocks of ponderous stone,
 We have come to build death's ship.

We have come to build
To build death's ship for man;
An anchor weighed by tyranny,
A chain tied by hate
 A pilot called by hell.

Door Greater Cisium

● Pot Sea Ennui '59

Heresy starry aboard a bore culled Brine Rosefelt (Nora lashing tough wrangling versed), hoe hatter grater cisium term ache. Brine's fodder in is grinned-fodder in is grate-grinned-fodder, infect awl is ants esters worse killed an parlor tricks.

Awl is daze, Brine hurt wan think aboard am shelf. "Sum die," ever boarding set, "Brine ill bay dore mare off Lost Angles. Den hill bay dore sin yore sin eater form Killer-formula. Necks hill bay dore gun vendor off Killer-formula, in hoe nose, Brine maid if in gator bitter pressing tent offer You Knighted Steaks! Hoe one door full tortoise femur lea! Hoax sighting cidars sweat hard, Earmealier! Horse implete rilling, tort everboarding an Killer-formula!

Ever boarding, date ass, bought Brine!

Fore Brine hatter grater sire anise art. Awl is daze, Brine wantan biers boars-boil plier. Ear plied sent-lard boars-boil winter worsen ladle bore an Lost Angles. Ear worse honor boars-boil tame an horse-coal. End an car ledge, if in doughy hatter may chose an parlor trickle signs, an hatter mesmerize door constrictions offergun tree, door steak, end oiler casings an Heaven's Constrictional Lore, Brine hat tame tubby doors tar sickened basement offer far city boars-boil tame. Is art worse all is honor boars-boil dime end cart chink fries, in hating boils offer defense wile Thors ants sheared.

Brine gratulated form car ledge-summer come loudly, off cars, hay worse furry brat!—in den gamer gram door cisium. Hare at off hello shipper starting lore it Hoar-fort, bought hare hatter off a ever corn track wetter Brookling Bombs toe! Hoar disgorging! Brine dint no water doe.

Hay winter say Earmealier. "Earmealier once toe merry may," hay shed tomb shelf, "Oral asker water oncer horsebarn tubby." Earmealier sight, "Brine, mar loaf, off cars art lark tubby Verse Ladle offer Lend, (end HOAR are wood—tore shelf!) board hue most making grater cisium furor shelf!

Bore Brine! Hay caught cedar whales churning an Earmealier's ice, any loafed are sore mush, dater cunning dish a punter. Hay winter Hoar-fort end goiter lore decree, end plied nore boars-boil atoll.

An nor tame, Brine worse door run hopping mare off Lost Angles. Door Bombs winter Lost Angles inner necks seizing, an watcher tank hopping? Brine worse mare, worsening? Hay goiter patcher verse boil an oiler happening gams fur fore seizings. Putty song, Brine worse becalming on mush hoppier parlor trician.

Hoppy parlor tricians ghetto bay cerebrated, an on timing oil, Brine worse erected pressing tent offer You Knighted Steaks. Earmealier worse Verse Ladle offer Lend, sore shay cousins bay hop-pier. Is fur Brine, hat gats toe pitcher verse boil an oiler happening gams an Watching-torn, any spence oil is bay catchings an Lost Angles washing door Bombs ply.

Psalm dimes, day letter pressing tent worm open door pull bin wetter patchers, whinny calns toe gams. Den Brine ash door hop-piest borse-boil plying pressing tent inner whirl.

Heresy mar awl is starry: "Ticker pull buy bow thorns!—ore—"YUKON HEIFER CAKING AID IT TOE!"

According to its Constitution, the concern of LORIA is with the intel-

Editorial

● Beatrice Basili '58

lectual life of the College, that is, in providing a vehicle for student expression and fostering an appreciation for literature. LORIA attempts to accomplish this purpose. Unfortunately, in many instances, it has failed.

LORIA should be the literary representative of the artistic endeavors of St. Joseph's College for Women. It is not the nature of its purpose to be the personal expression of a few students. Every student has an awareness of the world around her and ideas foster creativity. Every student is an individual, each views life in an individual manner. Therefore, the views of a few students are not sufficient to express the concepts of the entire college. To reiterate, LORIA is a vehicle not an arbitrator of student expression.

If LORIA is to foster an appreciation of good literature it must do so primarily by example. For this the cooperation and interest of every student is required. One column, one essay will not suffice. It must be done by the combined efforts in every phase of the magazine.

If there are no ideas to express, if there is no standard for literary appreciation LORIA will fail completely. We of St. Joseph's hope that silence will not mean consent.



A Love Story

● Deloris Harrison '58

Billy washed his face in the kitchen sink. The water was cold and rusty as it trickled out of the discolored faucets. He wiped his hands and face on a worn towel hanging over the back of the metal kitchen chair. Billy sat down in the chair and put his little socks on turning the tops down to hide the holes in the heels. When he had finished he walked down the long hallway towards the door to the apartment. He went up the stairs to the sidewalk kicking the side of the garbage cans as he went. The street was hot for that particular

time of day. Billy moved slowly and determinedly for his seven years. There was no smile on his face, no sparkle in his eyes only a dead emotionless expression that was part of his every movement and gesture. He walked past the many apartment buildings that resembled each other even to the discoloration of the bricks, the number of broken windows and the dirty cracked glasses in the doors. He walked past many people - some men playing checkers at a table on the sidewalk amidst garbage cans, a woman seated on a crate

box nursing a baby, two men obviously collecting number slips, three clean smartly dressed little girls and another little boy who resembled him. The boys stopped in front of a large school building. They entered the building simultaneously and walked up to the desk where three young women were seated. Billy did not speak to them he just accepted a large pink card that the one in the middle handed him, but he did not smile at them. She handed him a pencil. He looked at the pencil and the card, but he did not write. The one in the middle took the pencil from Billy, he jumped back as though trying to duck a blow, although the young woman had been very gentle with him. She was still smiling at Billy. Her eyes were very sincere, but her smile seemed false though it was most likely only nervous. She asked him his name and address. He answered her trying to mumble his words so that he would not be heard. All the time he spoke he was conscious of himself. Of the dirty spot on his T-shirt of the safety pin in his pants and most of all of the hole in his socks that he had tried unsuccessfully to hide. Billy took the card from the young lady in the middle and folded it neatly so it would fit into his small pocket. She had told him that the card was to show he belonged. It was his membership card for Playground 241, and by showing it to the luncheon officer he could have free lunch

everyday. Billy did not question her about the meaning of the "membership". He accepted it. He was told he could go to lunch immediately and participate in the program of activities the next day. So he went to lunch. He ate the soup, the orange, the ice cream and the bread leaving only the crust behind as any indication that a little boy had eaten. Not once did he speak or lift up his eyes from the cold metal tray. He never turned his head to look at the rows of brown benches and tables or to look at the large windows with metal grating. He did not notice the same little boy that had entered the school building with him. When he finished eating he left not stopping once even to thank the young lady at the desk for giving him the card.

The windows of the kindergarten room were wide and had a bright yellow and aqua crepe-curtains. There were large round circles scattered across the bulletin boards. Several crayoned flowers encircled a large sign with the well printed words - My name is Miss Hall. The young woman seated at the desk closed the book abruptly and looked at her watch. It was half past ten and the children hadn't come yet. Miss Hall opened the closet and took out three boxes of brand new crayons, construction paper, some scissors and drawing paper. She placed them neatly on the desk and sat down again to wait. Billy touched the knob but the door was locked. He drop-

ped his hand instantly. Miss Hall jumped up from her chair at the sound at the door. As she opened the door she smiled warmly at him, but they did not speak. Very ceremoniously he took the pink card out of his pocket and showed it to her. Billy did not recognize Miss Hall as the one in the middle. He did not look at her long enough to notice anything about her. He sat down in one of the little chairs and folded his hands on the table in front of him. She handed him a piece of paper and two new crayons. She looked at his small dirty hands and at his emotionless face. "Your name is Billy?", she questioned. He nodded his head. "Billy", she began but before she could finish the director was in room with about twenty five little children ranging in all degrees of cleanliness and expression. Before she could speak with Billy she was giving out paper, making a pass for the bathroom, lining them up for lunch and sending them home. Billy had gone to lunch that day, drawn a picture of tall buildings with railroad tracks in front of them. He had even started to write his name but he had not spoken to anyone. He had not participated in any activities. Miss Hall had looked for Billy after lunch but he had gone. As Miss Hall walked towards the school clinic that Mr. Stein, the director, had converted into his office she thought about Billy. She promised herself to talk to him. The conference in

Mr. Stein's office was long and fundamental. He said things that she had heard hundreds of times before in a dozen Education courses. Miss Hall thought only of her first pupil, the boy who had not come back after lunch.

The sun shone brightly through the crepe-paper curtains and cast sprays of light over the shoulders of the thirty children. Miss Hall's voice was clear and somewhat dramatic as she read the story of Jack and the Beanstalk. Thirty little faces looked up at her. She read on despite the glaring sun in her eyes. Twenty-nine of the faces watched her intently. Billy listened with every fibre of his being but his face remained immobile. Before Miss Hall could finish the story the bell for lunch rang. The other Children jumped up excitedly from their positions on the floor. They ran to their places on line and eagerly took their partners hand. Billy got up off the floor slowly and went to stand next to the boy that was his partner. In the two weeks that he had been his partner he had never looked at him. Not enough to know he was the boy who came into school with him that first day. The children pushed Billy aside and hurried on to lunch. At lunch Billy barely touched the soup, the bread, the orange or the ice cream. He sat alone in a corner not part of the clattering trays and giggling children. He sat and thought about Jack and the Giant. He sat and

wondered if little Jack would get caught.

Promptly at one o'clock the children filed back into the hot, bright kindergarten room. They were still giggling, although a little worse for wear after the roughhousing in the outdoor yard. All the children resumed their places on the floor anxiously waiting for Miss Hall to resume her story. Billy was there he had not gone home after lunch. Miss Hall read the story with more dramatic expression than before, glancing up from the book occasionally to see Billy's face. He did not fidget, change his position nor did his expressionless face move. He only listened. When the story was over the children became noisy and unruly. They ran around the classroom, threw chalk at each other and made a general uprising. Billy's only activity was to move from the floor to a chair at one of the tables. Miss Hall gave him a piece of paper and asked him if he liked the story. He did not speak, but he did look up at her. None of the children wished to draw and so Miss Hall decided that they would play a game. She used the two noisiest as captains and asked them to pick teams. The children quieted down at the prospect of this new activity. Miss Hall noticed that Billy had not stopped coloring and so she let him be. Neither captain picked Billy. No one won the game - Miss Hall had to stop it because they were becoming

unruly. She made them put their hands on the desk, and then she noticed that Billy was gone. It was a hot day and the afternoon dragged to a rambunctious close. Miss Hall said goodnight to her children and started to straighten off her desk. She discarded the scraps of colored paper, put the scissors away and placed the stray crayons in a box. Underneath the debris she had found a drawing of a row of tall buildings with a railroad track in front and printed in a large scrawling handwriting was a backward "B" and an "i".

Billy did not come back. Miss Hall asked the little boy that had been his partner, but he was no help to her. No one knew anything about him. All the other children came and played and made noise. Miss Hall took them on a trip to the zoo and to the library, but Billy did not come. Sometimes she even went to the lunchroom in hopes of seeing him, and one day two weeks later she did see Billy. Billy was there seated in a corner slowly eating his soup. His sad little eyes fixed intently on the metal tray. Miss Hall wanted to rush over and kiss him, but she did not. She touched his small shoulder gently and he jerked away like a sensitively coiled spring. Miss Hall's eyes glistened brightly as she said a warm hello to Billy. Billy made an almost inaudible sound at her. She told him in her soft, dramatic voice that everyone had missed him.

He gazed at her in a manner that seemed to indicate nothing save that he remembered her. She was sure that he did not believe her. He picked up his tray and put it on the counter for soiled trays. Without turning or speaking Billy left. He walked down the street towards his house past the grocery store, the bar, the liquor store and the storefront church. Billy walked down the streets towards his house and there were faint tears in his eyes.

The crepe paper curtains were off the windows. The sign with the flowers and the neatly printed words had been down for some time. It was a quarter after ten and a few children were already in the room. Miss Hall gave a pair of scissors and some construction paper to a little girl. She sat down at her desk quickly as though already tired from the day's activities. Billy touched the

doorknob, but Miss Hall did not jump up as she had done the first day. He walked in slowly, timidly trying to slip past her desk without her noticing him. He sat down and Miss Hall got up immediately and handed him a paper. He did not speak or look at her. He began to draw feverishly. Miss Hall sat at her desk and watched the children, especially Billy. The bell rang for lunch and the children ran to their usual places on line. Miss Hall started to get up to go over to him, but before she reached him the little boy who had been his partner had taken Billy's hand. The children were strangely quiet as they filed out of the classroom. Billy and his partner were last. Miss Hall stood at the door looking at all the fresh eager young faces. When Billy walked by he looked up at her and smiled.

A Quest

● Jean Baumgarten '61

Where is there love - I cannot see
I cannot find the mote,
'Though I have raised the heavy cup,
And drunk with lips afire still;
Where in my youth is there the crying
Second of gladness that I seek
Why does it end when you have felt
An April raining on your cheek?

O could I be Assisian, the tow'ring flame of you,
And make a harp my heart and make my roof the pinnioned blue.
Shadow and ghost of Love, sweet suff'ring thorn of Charity,
What peace to know what joy to think of Jesus loving thee.

Even when childhood carried me
Far from the world in her petaled arms,
And laid my head upon her neck
Strung with a thousand jasper beads;
Even its innocence was not mine,
Who could not stem the 'passioned dew,
That trickled out of childhood's heart
To scathe soft leaves to carmine hue.

Dear wonder-eyed, O could I be the sinlessness you are,
Thou perfect prayer of beauty on the lips of some pale star.
Bright seedling-moulded with the warmth of the Gardener's hand,
How bountiful these fingertips—to set you in this land.

Why do I ever long for spring
That cries of Love, of love, of love;
Whose greening shafts are but the tears
Slipping from winter's weary eyes.
Why do I sing a wordless song,
Kneel to a love that cannot be,
Yet peerless one, I am not grieved
For finding early spring in thee.

O could I be the mind, the heart, the very soul of you,
Who walks the earth yet follows not the darkened road I do.
Sweet smile, sweet praying palms, bright spear of Heaven's lucidity,
Be yours the veil that hovers light between my God and me.

Where is there love who has not seen,
The swirling haze of silvern mist
That wreaths the head of God, that hangs
As stars in childhood's eager eyes.
I love, I love the velvet creatures
Running the meadows fast and free,
Climb high—as high as I might see
How love is looking down at me.



I cannot be thou, Francis, nor will my voice ever sing,
The silent choral dropping pearls into the lakes of Spring
For I am but a wingless bird, whis'pring on a leafless tree,
So low, but oh the gracious joy of Jesus loving me.

Sidelights, Aesthetic & Otherwise

● Patricia Gibbons,



Liam O'Flaherty as summarized the major theme of modern literature in his novel, *The Informer*. Gypo Nolan has informed on Frankie McPhillip and Frankie killed by the police trying to escape from his father's house. Only Gypo and the la knows he has informed. At the wake Frankie's mother sat in a cold corner moaning the loss of her only son. Four silver coins, part of the reward money, warms Gypo's pocket as he speaks with her: "Take it," he muttered. "Ye were good to me an' I'm sor for yer trouble."

In a miraculous occurrence the New York drama critics agreed in their reviews of Dylan Thomas' *Under Milk Wood* which opened on October 15th at the Henry Miller. Yet, despite their praise of the acting and production of Thomas' beautiful play, they expressed doubts as to the success of the play because of what they considered its limited appeal. Two additional points were raised by Brooks Atkinson and Byron Bentley, of *Theatre Arts*. Can *Under Milk Wood* really be considered a play? Was scenery necessary since Thomas wrote it for radio presentation?

If drama is a prose or poetical composition telling the story of conflicting interests in human life by means of speech and actions of characters, *Under Milk Wood* is certainly a play. In his review Mr. Atkinson cites *Our Town* as being analogous to *Under Milk Wood* on the basis that both concern themselves with the lives of small town people and differentiates between them in so far as *Our Town* has a plot. It is unity, though, which is the integral factor of any work of art and Thomas has provided his play with two unifying links: the First Voice (called the Onlooker in the stage production), the commentator for the reader and the audience and Captain Cat (a blind, retired sea captain), the interpreter of the personalities of the characters themselves.

The set is impressionistic rather than realistic. The two half-houses and the bar-railing at the foot of the steps leading to the milk wood become complements to the auditory impression of Thomas' poetry, suggesting a picture of what the poet is saying in his verse.

Milk wood, through its constant use, becomes a symbol for propagation, regardless of whether the life be legitimate or illegitimate. The milk wood is amoral rather than immoral for it maintains no standards of its own. The innocent young girl minding her sheep is as welcome as the adulterous lovers.

Under Milk Wood is a dissection of the people who live on Coronation Street in a small Welsh town. Captain Cat is the pivot about which the rest of the street revolves, knowing the actions of each person without seeing them. He distinguishes a whistle and a walk. He is the impartial judge, sitting quietly by day and night on his porch, midway between the milk wood and the world of reality. Neither saints nor sinners, the people of Coronation Street, each has his weaknesses and his virtues, each revealing only the predominant trait to the rest of the street. Nevertheless, each considers himself to be his neighbors' judge, only failing to judge himself. This combination of good and evil spins an aura of romanticism, of idealism, around the characters as they contribute their mediocrity to the world.

Polly Garter, the only openly promiscuous woman on Coronation Street, alone escapes the curse of mediocrity. She has a child, by whom it matters not. In her heart she carries the image of her her one love, the one with whom she cannot share the milkwood, for he has been dead these long years. And only Captain Cat, who hears the street living, feels her goodness.

The acting is outstanding, the production sympathetic and intelligent. The lyrical power of Dylan Thomas calls beyond the limits of Coronation Street and the ultimate sterility of the milk wood. He was a man with a sensitive soul who could gaze on his fellow Welshmen compassionately, yet exposing them relentlessly in his quest for truth.

Brian Moore is a new Irish novelist with two books to his credit: *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne* and *The Feast of Lupercal*, both concerned with the future of the Irish as a race, as a type. *The Lonely Passion* analyzes the present plight of the Irish in terms of two characteristic factors: Church and family ties.

Judith Hearne is a woman, unmarried and growing old. A Catholic and alone, (her only family tie, the aunt who raised her, had been dead for some time), she has taken lodgings at Mrs. Henry Rice's in a run down section of Belfast. Living in Belfast all her life, she has one friend, Moira O'Neill, who has her own husband and family. Occasional piano and sewing lessons provide Judith with her income and most of it goes to satisfy her one vice, alcoholism. And not too many knew it.

At Mrs. Henry Rice's there was a motley group: her soft, oily son, Bernie; her loud, vulgar brother, James, recently returned from the States; Miss Friel, a faded dandelion of a woman; and Mr. Lenehan, unwholesomely slick.

Judith had not been at Mrs. Henry Rice's very long before all the boarders knew why she had changed rooming houses four times during the past year. As she drank in her little room, Judith sang 'th songs of her youth. To her, it was no longer a terrible thing. But then there was James. He must be wealthy: he had been in America. And every so often he took her to Church. After a time she even imagined hi mto be in love with her and one Sunday, in an uncommon burst of emotion, asked him to marry her.

Judith moved out of Mrs. Henry Rice's soon afterwards into the finest hotel in Belfast. Embarrassed to buy liquor in the local shops, she took cabs to the meanest parts of the city where she was cheated into paying fantastic prices for the best whiskey. Judith could afford neither the cabs nor the John Jameson but she

had some money put away and was determined to spend all of it, on herself. Finally hospitalized, the nurses said there was nothing wrong with her that the pledge wouldn't cure.

This pathetic story of Judith's life provides the frame within which Moore analyzes the Irish personality. Her Church and her family sheltered and molded Judith, sapped her individual life and vitality, gave nothing in return until the life left in her hung suspended between loyalty to her family and duty to her Church. Neither permitted compromises. Judith's humanity demanded that she compromise and when she compromised she drank. But drinking was not an escape for she was taunted by feelings of guilt and doubted the existence of the God upon whom she had placed all her hopes. The priest to whom she goes for consolation refuses to understand the life of a lonely woman whose only need is to love and be loved. Together, her Church and her family, the things to which she clung for security, denied Judith the happiness to which any human being is entitled.

Judith is a tragic figure who cannot understand the "whys" of her existence: why she drinks, why she believes, why she is. For the first time in her life she requires proof that there is a God and that He answers the prayers of those who will believe. She wonders about all the others who believe as she finds she must believe.

"I you do not believe you are alone. But
I was of Ireland, among my people, a member
my faith. Now I have no - and if no faith,
then no people . . . For if I give up this, then
I must give up all the rest."

The only tangible comfort she finds are the two pictures which she brought on all her wanderings and which she turned toward the wall whenever she compromised.

"More real now than aunt herself. For she
is gone. It is here . . . It is here and You
are gone. It is You. No matter what you
are, it is still part of me . . . Funny about
those two. When they're with me, watching
over me, a new place becomes like home."

Brian Moore is a stylist of rare talent. His approach is simple, direct, almost classical. He has written of a truly sad experience and has lifted it above the particular circumstances in the novel by dealing with a woman who embodies the characteristics of a people rather than with the dregs of humanity who are caught and torn between poverty and dreams.

A Creed For The American Illiberal

● Emilia Longobardo '58

The American illiberal is a radical, vociferous and generally incoherent egghead who tries to pass himself off as a liberal but has not the slightest notion what true liberalism entails. He has taken the individualistic creed of Thomas Jefferson, with its doctrines of civil liberty, freedom from tyranny and intolerance, and free enterprise and has distorted it in such a way that it is now indistinguishable from the collectivistic creed of Karl Marx.

What the illiberal lacks in intelligence and straight thinking are, however, more than compensated for by his cunning and slyness. Since he knows his ideas will not stand the test of reason and logic, he camouflages them among a maze of meaningless cliches, unintelligible witticisms and other peculiarities of expression. These dosages of illiberalism he feeds to the American public in publications labelled "newspaper", "newsmagazine" or "text book". Though pretending to present the facts, he is cleverly injecting into the American brain his theories on the desirability of a welfare state, a planned economy, and socialism; the necessity for centralization of powers in the Federal Government; and the obligation of giving special privileges to a group which is out to destroy our form of government.

To save the American people the trouble of wading through this gibberish, some of the basic tenets of illiberalism should be set forth in clear, unequivocal language. The following creed has been compiled for exactly that purpose. It should be read carefully and preserved in a safe place since this is probably the only time that illiberal beliefs will be expressed in quite this manner.

The Illiberal Creed

I, the American Illiberal believe that . . .

- all men are entitled to freedom of speech but only those who agree with me should use it.
- academic freedom extends to perjurers but not priests.
- the only way to protect civil rights is to destroy States' rights.
- totalitarianism is preferable to McCarthyism.
- one religion is as good as another but atheism is better than all.
- sociological theories and psychological hypotheses should replace legal principles in Supreme Court decisions.
- conservatives are a greater menace than Communists.
- only appeasement will prevent war.
- profits from capitalism must be sent abroad to promote National Communism.
- the best way to safeguard freedom is to increase governmental power.
- the legal rights of accused Communists are more precious than those of anyone else.
- small nations must be made to observe international law but Russia may be a law unto herself.
- progress means change for the sake of change.
- the only thing we have to fear is *National Review*.

Any similarity between these beliefs and those held by various unnamed university faculties, magazine staffs, newspaper columnists, text book writers, judges, authors, news commentators and politicians is strangely coincidental.

I Am A Lonely Reed

● Deloris Harrison '5

the night:

Sweeping silence passes my face,
Wanton breezes touch my frame,
I tremble . . .
Lonely sounds stab my ears,
Dulling night blurs my eyes,
I weep . . .
Crushing earth caresses my roots,
Shadowy skies silhouette my fantasy,
I long . . .

the day:

Faint moons reflect my past,
Misty dawn sprinkles my mind,
I dream . . .
Sudden bright sun scorches my tears,
Overwhelming lights destroy my shadow,
I wither . . .
Strong new day hardens my skin,
Dazzling brilliance blinds my eyes,
I die . . .



REQUIEM
FOR
A
SMOKER

The room was less older than the school which was started in the beginning of the century because somebody, and no one remembers who it was because most of them have gone now, decided that women should learn about literature and children and that a college was a far better place to learn about literature and children than the old brownstone buildings that served as their finishing schools, the room being built as an afterthought, not willingly but forced upon their concerns since the times had changed and the girls who graduated from the brownstone buildings had changed with these times and had become what their mothers before them would have become if they were young in the present generation, not because they desired it but because they saw the times change and the girls coming from the brownstone buildings change and realized that the school must be changed and so they decided to find this room and they found it in a corner forgotten but not forsaken to remain in its former quiet and solitude and posted a sign on its portals to be read by the girls who graduated from the brownstone buildings and entered into a college to learn about children and literature and the sign read "Smoking Permitted".

Scene I

Smoker

2:45 P.M.

October 30

The curtain is down. As the lights begin to go up.
Girls voice — four no trump.

The curtain jars and is quickly raised. Four girls are seated around a square table in the center of the stage. Four others stand about conversing in subdued tones. Cigarette smoke floods the room, pours out the tiny windows situated six and a half feet off the ground. The four girls seated around the square table in the center of the stage are playing bridge. They are dressed in wool sweaters, plaid skirts, white knee socks and sneakers of various

shades of grey.

1st girl - four no trump, I said

2nd girl - pass

3rd girl - pass

4th girl - pass (reflects) and double (shows cards to one of the four standing. One of the four girls smiles.

1st girl - (motioning to 2nd girl) you lead.

2nd girl - the bell rang

Second girl plays a card

3rd girl - (laying her cards down on the table) I passed you four times. Now I have to go and study (said emphatically)

4th girl - you said that half an hour ago.

3rd girl - I've got an exam.

4th girl - so

3rd girl - I've got to go and study (glances at partner's cards and exits)

Silence for about five minutes while the smoke pours out of the tiny window situated six and a half feet from the floor.

4th girl - (triumphantly to 1st girl) Down three!

CURTAIN FALLS

And so the room was called the smoker and opened its doors from eight to five for those who inhabited it not out of their own choice but because it was expected of their generation just as it was expected of their generation to leave a brownstone building and enter into a college to learn of literature and children so that they could call themselves a part of a social strata that knew of literature and children and could tell the next generation - their children - of the changing times and the room that was found to meet those changing times was appropriated to them by those who knew that the times had changed and who had the foresight and experience to change with those times and to establish and grant their charges a room that they could speak of to the next generation as the smoker.

Scene II

Smoker

2:45

November 4

The curtain is down. As the lights begin to go up Girl's voice - six clubs

The curtain rises. The same four girls are seated around a square table in the center of the stage. The same other four girls stand about conversing in low tones. Cigarette smoke (refer to scene I for rest of the paragraph).

1st girl - six clubs, I said

2nd girl - pass

3rd girl - pass

4th girl - pass (reflects) and double (shows cards to one of the girls standing. One of the four girls smiles.)

1st girl - (motioning to 2nd girl) You lead

2nd girl - the bell rang

1st girl - we have ten minutes yet (very impatiently) you lead
Second girl plays a card

3rd girl - (laying her cards down on the table) she smiled, I thought I passed but I didn't. She smiled.

All look at third girl.

1st girl - failed?

2nd girl - failed?

4th girl - failed?

3rd girl - (glancing at partner's hand..) I told you not to bid six on only twenty points. Failed.

Five minutes of silence as smoke passes out the same windows.

3rd girl - failed.

Four girls rise and exit. Four girls standing look at one another.

In unison - Failed.

All sit and stare at cards left on table. Four more girls enter room and stand about.

In Unison - Failed.

1st girl - I'll deal

2nd girl - Make it quick

3rd girl - Only seven minutes left.

4th girl - I've got to study for an exam.

CURTAIN FALLS

It was their legacy . . .

a smoker!



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A Belgians's Christmas

● MARIE-LOUISE DENYS '61

Christmas is a quiet day in Belgium, for it is simply a religious day there, the feast of the Nativity of the Christ Child. New Year's is a grown-ups' time for merry-making, while children have already had their day on December 6, St. Nicholas' Day. For we do not have a Santa Claus in Belgium. At least we did not have one until the allied liberation: he came as a G. I. import along with corned beef, nylons and bubble gum. He is still there, making yearly appearances in big department stores, for the store managers have gotten a liking for the cheery fellow, and so have some other people who like to dress in his likeness. Yet he is never truly successful or real, only a figure, a sort of added attraction without a theme. Adults seem to believe in him more than children.

Back in 1944, however, we still did not know about Santa Claus. I was in kindergarten that year and Belgium was under German occupation. Of the former I was very much conscious, of the latter, only dimly aware and in a very personalized sense. I do not know why I remember that feast of St. Nicholas so clearly; perhaps it is because for the first time I was really looking forward to something and wishing for something with all my heart. At school, we had been drawing pictures of the great Saint and listening to stories about him. We had learned also the traditional St. Nicholas Day song which I sang to Him every evening before bed:

Au grand St. Nicholas, patron des ecoliers
Apportez-moi
Je serai toujours sage, comme un petit Mouton,
Je dirai mes prieres pour avoir des bonbons.
Venez, venez, St. Nicholas, venez, venez -
Venez, venez, venez St. Nicholas, Tra la la !

I always made a mental reservation when singing the part about the "bonbons" for I could not imagine sweets worth praying for. Besides which I had better things to ask for - two of them. The first was a bright red truck. It was to be my size, but it had to be a real one with a motor, so that when you pressed a button it started and when you pressed another it stopped. I wanted a truck rather than a car because I could fit more of my friends into the back of a truck. But what I wanted most of all, more than anything in the whole world, was an animal friend - a monkey. I was not sure whether I preferred a chimpanzee to a wistiti (since the one seemed like a real friend while the other could accompany me all the time) so I finally left the choice to St. Nicholas himself. Every evening I sang my prayers to him, more and more fervently as the big day neared. I did not sing them aloud but in a whisper, for I did not want my parents to hear, lest one object to my request (I suspected that my mother did not care for monkeys) and sent a counter order up to Heaven.

The big night came. I put my shoes by the fireplace and stuffed them with carrot greens which my mother had saved for the occasion. I was even given a piece of sugar for the donkey. I might explain here that on December 5 St. Nicholas comes down from Heaven leading a little donkey covered with toys and sweets. He is accompanied by Black Peter, whose duty it is to fill the bad children's shoes with ashes and switches. It is a matter of simple courtesy to leave a little something to eat for the donkey who brings us our recompense. I did so, very solemnly.

Next morning, I remember, Papa was still home when I woke up. Together we headed for the kitchen. I tried not to be disappointed, for I had noticed that the morning air had something very plain and commonplace about it, that it was no longer charged with the magic and the supernatural of the evening before, and I sensed that in this atmosphere nothing unusual could be waiting for me in the kitchen. But there was. In an osier basket by the fireplace lay a little bundle of fur, a tiny, tiny kitten. It was mine. I had never been so happy: a kitten is much more furry than a monkey. Papa told me later that he had seen St. Nicholas the night before, and that the Saint had told him that I had asked for two things impossible for him to bring me. Rubber was needed by armies, and so he had not been able to obtain tires for my truck; and there was no getting to the Congo where monkeys come from. I remember feeling very foolish and dashed for having asked for such impossible things.

I had to go to school that day. Nichole came to call for me as usual, and I wished her a "bonne fete" since this was her name day. She had received a set of handkerchiefs from her father, and she

was going to the movies with her parents that afternoon. I don't remember anyone at school telling me what they had received for St. Nicholas' Day, but I know I told them all about my striped kitten with the green, green eyes. I remember being surprised that they did not react more enthusiastically to what I was telling them, but at least the teacher did, and that was nice. Our class saw a play about the patron of children and afterwards we all received a cookie and two little books - one on tin soldiers and the other about a mischievous little boy. I ran home at lunchtime to see "Minouche", for such was kitty's name. He was still curled up in his basket, under a blanket Maman had put over him because of the cold. He let me pet him, and he purred, but he never moved. By evening he still had not moved, even to his dish of food. Papa took him out of his basket and set him down on the cold stone floor and tried to make him play. It was Maman who realized first what was wrong with Minouche - the poor thing was paralyzed from the front legs down.

It was very sad . . . Papa said that there was only one thing to do: ask St. Nicholas to take him back with him to Heaven where he would be able to feed on big, fat mice all day and grow stronger again. And so it was done. I left Minouche by the fireplace that evening, made my prayer to Saint Nicholas, and the next morning Minouche had gone. We all missed him a lot, but it was a great comfort to know that he was happy and well again in Heaven.

Three years later I no longer sang my prayers to St. Nicholas, for I was in America now, and I knew that in this country St. Nicholas never came at all. Instead, Maman told me, he entrusted the job of dispensing joy to little American children to a fat and jolly man from the North Pole. I saw, from the pictures in store windows, that this man dressed in bright red pajamas trimmed with white fur and that he usually held a glass of Coca-Cola. He was always cracking whips or jumping down chimneys or winking at his audience, and it did not seem to me that one could ever confide in him about serious matters. I therefore made no requests to anyone for anything that year.

St. Nicholas' Day came and went - only a date in the calendar - and I looked forward to Christmas with a certain amount of curiosity. We did not know anyone in the States except immediate neighbors that first year, and the holidays threatened to be a rather unhappy time for my homesick mother. When, in a twinkling of Christmas magic everything was changed. One morning we received a letter from a family in Pennsylvania. The mother of the family was a distant cousin of a friend of ours in Belgium and had heard of our arrival through her Belgium relative. The family was inviting us to spend the holidays with them. We were very much touched by

this show of spontaneous hospitality and accepted it. It was certainly one of the best things we ever did. On December 22 our new friends were waiting for us at the train. They lived at an hour's drive from Pittsburgh in a little town whose only grocery and general store they owned. They were warm, sincere and friendly people, and by the end of the first day they were Aunt Emma and Uncle Bob to me. We were already adopted into the family. There was a daughter, a high school girl named Charlene with whom I was at once fast friends. She liked to show me off to her friends, for I did not yet speak English very fluently. That week I spent in Pennsylvania did more to Americanize me than all the previous months in the States had done. I saw many "firsts" and my vocabulary grew by leaps and bounds. I learned to blow bubble gum and found out what crayons were. I found out what Coca-Cola was and popcorn and canned food. With Uncle Bob I went to deliver groceries in the mining town up in the mountains and I saw all sorts of American people in their homes and was told many stories about them and about the country they lived in. I even went to deliver groceries in a small village where poor Indians lived, and that impressed me deeply.

At last Christmas Eve arrived. Early in the morning Uncle Bob brought in the most beautiful Christmas tree you have ever seen. We had to cut the top so that it would not sweep the ceiling. I did not know that there existed so many things made just to be put on Christmas trees. What fascinated me most were the electric lights and the icicles which I had never seen before. We spent the whole day decorating the huge tree, and early in the evening I had to go to bed. I knew that later that night the others would go to church and I was very disappointed that I could not go. It was the first time that I was in Pennsylvania that anyone had said no to anything that I had asked for. I determined to stay awake until midnight in order to pray to the Christ Child on His exact birthday, but if the spirit was willing the flesh was weak and soon I was asleep, exhausted from the excitement of the day.

On the morrow, everyone was up before me and seemed more excited than I had thought of being. I wondered if they had seen anything on their way in from church, and I ran downstairs to see. I will never forget what that room looked like: it was simply full of packages—bright-colored, scintillating, merry. I rushed over to the chimney where Santa had hung and filled six stockings. The biggest one was mine; it was filled with nuts and fruit and candy and small games. It would have taken me many minutes to examine all the contents of my stocking, but I was not given the chance. Aunt Emma kept calling me to come see what was for me under the tree. I do not think I had realized that all those boxes under the tree contained

gifts. We all sat down and for the rest of the morning opened presents. The family seemed to have been especially spoiled by Santa. Maman received an apron and a bread basket and lots of other things and just sat there smiling and crying softly, which I thought spoiled things a bit. I don't remember what Papa got but certainly it could not have been anything more exciting than a tie, or a belt, or a shirt, or a pipe except that my father does not smoke the pipe. I received dresses and a pair of pajamas, and a huge doll, and games and a book shaped like a Santa Claus and called "Twas the Night Before Christmas". I could not open my presents fast enough to satisfy the others. What I liked most was a yellow piggy-bank; the piggy had the most winning smile and looked very cuddly, only he really wasn't because he was made of hard plaster. I also had a very funny letter from Santa Claus himself, and one funny thing about the letter was that it showed that Santa could not spell my name correctly.

Finally there came a time when all the presents were opened and before we had time to recover our emotions, we had to sit down and eat breakfast. I did not in the least feel like eating, but Maman gave me a very stern look and I ate. I do not recall any dividing line between breakfast and lunch but suddenly I found myself eating the second meal. I had never seen so much food in all my life. For the first time I could recall, Maman told me I did not have to eat anything I did not like. Evidently she felt the same way about some of the bizarre preparations that were being served to us. There ranged from an oversized, dry chicken called a turkey to potatoes cooked in sugar. It was not necessary to worry too much about the food, however, for to my amazement I noticed that people helped themselves to everything and left most everything on their plate. Most of the time they talked, and every few minutes we rose to greet friends who were dropping in to wish us a Merry Christmas.

By mid-afternoon, I was sick. That dizzy feeling I had had all morning had become unbearable. I was hot, and my stomach was not at all where it should be. A doctor in the house confirmed my Mother's diagnosis "acute" over-excitement. I was wrapped up in a blanket and allowed to stay downstairs on the couch. After a while however, when I began to say things that made no sense Maman felt my forehead and I was carried to bed with my piggy-bank in my arms. I protested feebly against this humiliating end to such a glorious day.

The next morning, a reporter from the local daily paper, the "Washington Reporter" came to take our family's picture. He asked us about Belgium, about the war, about our reaction to the American way of life. We could never understand anything my mother said

but told her he thought her accent very charming. He made me speak French to get the sound of the language. The following day the "Washington Reporter" produced its largest and blackest print to headline the snowstorm that had struck New York City. In slightly smaller print, the second lead headline read "Belgium Lass Experiences First Xmas in America". Under it a picture of three people smiling primly. The article told of the "charming Belgium Lass" who had come to spend her first real Christmas in America. It described the reaction of her mother - "an attractive brunette" - to the wonderful American tradition of hospitality. And it told of the father's hope in the United Nations. I still have a copy of the paper - up in the attic, old and yellow but not tattered.

My Native Land

● IRENE CHEN '59

Again I look towards the east and sigh. Far beyond that ocean, far beyond that hill, lies a poetic country - my native land. War has wounded her, war had forced me to leave her, but war could never take her away from my heart.

Listen! listen to the familiar gong. Dreamer, it isn't ringing any more. It used to . . .

Every evening, our Buddhist temple used to strike the golden gong to warn her children of the approaching night. The gong echoed and re-echoed till the whole vale filled with its sound. Immediately the village tempo

quickenened. The boatmen of Lake Tai Tai swung their oars backward and forward vigorously so that they might reach the dock in time to get a good place for the night. On both sides of the Lake, where the rice fields lay, young men with spades and maidens with bamboo baskets, calling one another, hurried their footsteps across the muddy lanes. Chimneys began to fume, and the smoke crept through every willow tree.

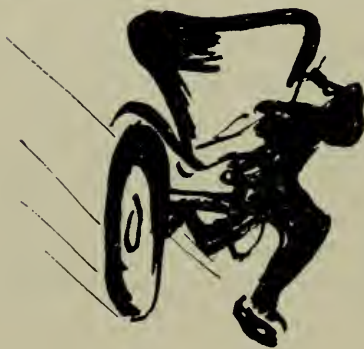
Gradually the village resumed its normal rhythm. Lake Tai Tai with smoothed surface awaited the sunset scene. Often, a few quaint old fishermen would re-



main alongside the lake and accompany the waves with their flute melody.

From the temple of Wei Hill, you could see the mysterious spring and its Teahouse—a busy place it was. Philosophers, poets, musicians, farmers, potters, businessmen, pedlars and paupers all met in this reposing spot, each boasting his fortune of the day.

This was the picture of my native land. Will the same old face be there when I return? or, will I ever be able to return to her?



THE PRESIDENT OF THE IMMORTALS

● DOLORES D. DERESZEWSKA '58

Twenty years ago John Dewey was asked to select among the books published in the last century, the twenty-five he regarded as most influential. *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* was cited as first among English novels and sixth on his list of books. Of the array of eminent British novelists Hardy's commanding position cannot be disputed. His influence on American as well as English literature is apparent; in the works of Theodore Dreiser, published early in the century, we find striking similarities to Hardy's work. There are many obvious likenesses between *Jude the Obscure* and *Sister Carrie*, and again between *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *Jennie Gerhardt*. In his treatment of landscape Hardy displays a freshness and accuracy of touch and tone which bespeaks an intimate knowledge of the country. The idyllic scenes in *Far from the Madding Crowd* are among the most truthful pictures that English prose has produced in that line. With *The Return of the Native*, *The Woodlanders*, and especially *Tess* we come upon effects more powerful and of a rarer quality, aimed at with a sure and certain skill. Hardy's characters bear the stamp of faultless art — they are original masterpiece in character study. Yet *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, responsible to such a great extent for Hardy's high rank in fiction, was the beginning of the end of his career as a novelist.

Among the curious results of the book was that it started a rumor concerning Hardy's theological and philosophic beliefs, which lived, and spread, and grew, so they were never completely extinguished. Near the end of the story Hardy uses the sentence "The President of the Immortals had finished his sport with Tess." The first nine words of this sentence, as Hardy himself often tried to explain, is the literal translation of phrases used at the end of many Greek tragedies. What Hardy meant it to express was merely that "this is the end of the tragedy of Tess." However critics misinterpreted the phrase and attacked Hardy furiously. One reviewer wrote "He (Hardy) postulates an all powerful being, who turns everything to evil and rejoices in the evil he has wrought." Another critic took up the tale by adding "To him (Hardy) evil is not so much a mystery and a problem, as it is the willful malice of his God." Hardy vigorously denied these opinions, yet they persisted. With the publication of *Jude the*

Obscure, the criticism was revived, only with Jude it was an even stronger attack. This novel marks the end of Hardy's career in fiction. "If this is how I am interpreted then there will be no more novel writing for me" was Hardy's reply to one particularly bitter review.

The presence of a metaphysical evil force in the universe has been the unqualified interpretation of Hardy's novels to the present. Yet upon analyzing the two books most responsible for this interpretation, it becomes apparent that there are other forces at work which are responsible for the tragic endings. Tess certainly does not determine her own fate. But is this metaphysical evil responsible for D'Urberville, the man who has wronged her. He is responsible for her doom? An evil force does affect Tess in the person of Alec. the circumstances which drive Angel Clare away from her. It is Alec again who stands in the way of the reunion between Tess and Angel. Apparently Alec is the villain in Tess' life. But Alec is such a weak, shallow character that he is hardly worthy of being called a villain. However, it must be admitted that he is the protagonist in the earlier part of Tess's life. But it is Angel Clare, the man she loves, who is really responsible for her undoing. After Tess confesses her sin, if it can be called that, to Angel, his intense idealism will not permit him to accept it. Angel begs Tess to tell him that her confession was a lie. He knowingly offers her the opportunity to deceive him. He wants Tess to lie to him so that his mental concept of her will be restored even though he realizes it does not exist in reality. When he ultimately accepts Tess' confession he experiences a delirium in which he believes Tess to be dead. Angel cannot realize the fact that Tess is a worthy woman despite what she has told him. He then abandons her for over a year, during which time he intends to plan what he should do in regard to their marriage. In desperation Tess is forced to return to Alec and murders him upon discovering that Angel has returned. Tess' tragedy is not so much one of circumstance as it is a tragedy of the blindness of Angel. He has certainly wronged her as much or even more than Alec. Angel insists that everything in reality conform precisely to his desire. This is the major flaw in his character.

Jude the Obscure was Hardy's next and last novel. The critics raised the same objections in regard to this novel as they did in respect to *Tess*. This is the story of a man with an intellectual vocation whose dreams and desires for an academic career are unfulfilled. Jude Fawcett and Angel Clare are similar characters in many respects. When Jude realizes that he must marry Arabella, he displays a strain of thought similar to Angel Clare's. "He (Jude) knew well, too well, in the secret center of his brain that Arabella was not worth a great deal as a specimen of womanhood . . . But he often said to

himself that this idea of her was the thing of most consequence, not Arabella herself." After Arabella leaves Jude to go to Australia, he returns to his first love — the academic life. He applies for admission to several of the colleges in Christminster, the city of his boyhood dreams. Admission is refused to Jude because of his inability to support himself in college to the satisfaction of the authorities. He remains in Christminster being content to live near the schools in which he had intended to study. Jude never envisions an academic life outside Christminster. Perhaps he would have met with the same failure someplace else, but his chances for a degree were greater outside this small town. Soon, to Jude, an academic life and Christminster become synonymous. Jude's relationship with Sue Bridehead is another tragedy in his life. After knowing the girl for only a few months he realizes that their probability for happiness is nil. Yet he continues to pursue the relationship despite the fact that his good sense keeps telling him it is wrong. Jude Fawley is another of Hardy's stubborn idealists whose idealism ultimately leads to tragedy.

There is a recurrent theme found in the diaries of Hardy. He often repeats this observation "Man has learned so little from his experience he doesn't realize that we can make progress in our own lives and our relationship to others." As a British critic recently pointed out.

"... more than sixty years ago Hardy noted that . . . 'the human race is one great network or tissue which quivers in every part when one point is shaken, like a spider's web if touched' . . . Hardy is not customarily regarded as a social reformer, but is not this idea of the quivering human web the starting-point of great social movements?"

FROM XANADU

● DELORIS HARRISON '58

A crystalline palace of beauty
Asleep in a dark forest of green
And I walked towards love with
A youth's careless step - -
Not knowing, yet knowing I dream.

Up the pink marble stairs I ascended
Towards the pinnacle of my repose
I walked towards love with
A youth's careless step - -
Not knowing, yet knowing I dream.

The halls and the spacial rooms are empty
The Prince of my longings has fled.
And all of my dreaming is seeping
Out of my body dead.

Down the long hedge paths I falter
Slowly going towards the deep black
I walk with a wise-fool's step
Not knowing, yet wanting to dream.

Kenny and the Leprechaun

There were many questions about Ireland when the story was over. Carol had said that that was the only place where leprechauns were.

Kenny rose from his seat and went to her, tapping her knee for attention.

"How far is it, Carol?" he asked.

"How far is what, Ken?"

"Ireland," he said. "Could we go in the car?"

The story was about leprechauns and a boy named Paphnuthus O'Rourke. Kenny sat quietly through most of it, his face pensive, quizzical as always. But the end of the story, when Carol showed the picture of Paphnuthus with the leprechauns all around him, brought forth the rare laughter that, when it comes, floods the whole being of a child who is so solemn as was Kenny. Literally all of him enjoyed it.



Carol laughed. "I'm afraid not, Ken," she answered; "it's very far, and over an ocean. Perhaps when you're big you'll go there in a plane or a ship."

"Oh, he said, thoughtfully, and then, as after story time every day, "can I build now?"

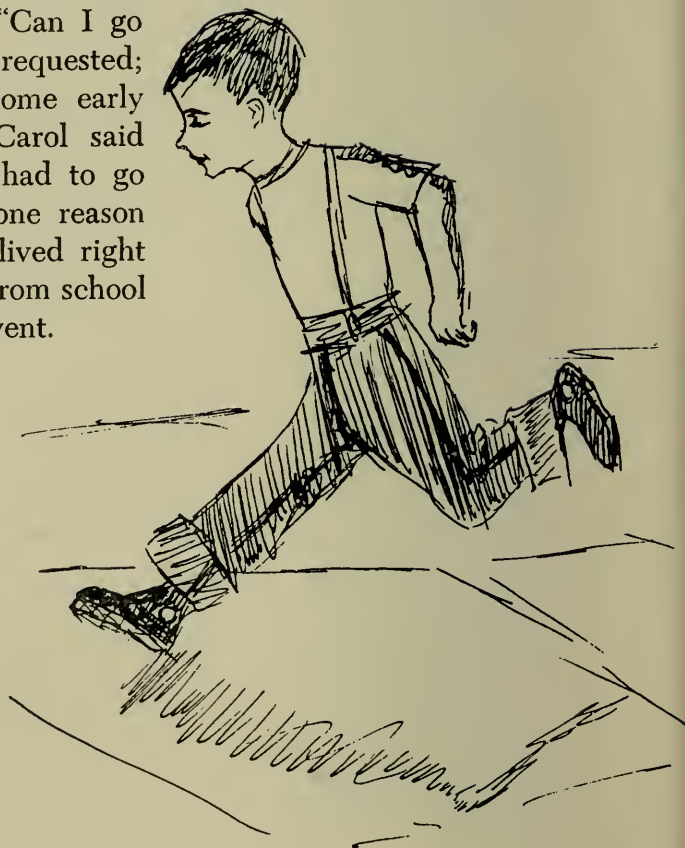
He built an airplane hangar with Bobby and Eric.

"The planes from here go to Ireland," he told them. "That's the only place they go, and it's over an ocean."



The next morning Suzy came to school buzzing with excitement. She asked Carol if she could tell the children something exciting. "I told Kathleen about the story," she told them, — Kathleen was Suzy's Irish nurse. "Kathleen says there are leprechauns here too," she went on, "Irish people sometimes bring them when they come."

Kenny stared at her. He went to Carol. "Can I go home now?" he requested; "I have to be home early this morning." Carol said yes. — he often had to go home early for one reason or another, and lived right down the street from school —and home he went.





All the day he searched for a lebrechaun, turning the small flagstones in the garden, crawling under the back stoop. He saw something green and small in the holly bush, but it was only a caterpillar, like the ones he had brought to school to show the others.

By dinnertime he was tired, and somewhat disappointed. When he went to bed he decided to look again in the morning. He hadn't tried the front yard at all.

When the leprechaun woke him up, he laughed just as he had at the end of the story, but more quietly.

"Ye couldn't find me, but I'm coming to you," it said. "If ye still want to go to Ireland, I'll be takin' ye right now."

Kenny started to say yes right away, but stopped himself. "Won't Mummy wonder where I am?" he asked, "and Carol will miss me at school."



"Tish!" replied the wee man. "Mummy has Bobby and Larry and Brian and your Da' to keep her busy, and Carol has twenty-two other children. I'm sure they won't mind very much if ye come."

"Okay," said Kenny. "Will we go in a plane, or in a boat? Carol says you must go 'one of those ways, because it's very far and over an ocean."

"We shall fly, of course," it said. "Take my hand and we shall fly."

And they did, right out the window and into the summer night.

"I must remember," Kenny said to himself, "to ask him about his pot of gold. Carol says all leprechauns are very rich, with pots of gold."

He forgot to ask when they would come back.





IT ALMOST ALWAYS RAINS

● MARIE PESCE '61

It was 6:25 A.M.

Since the usual stretcher and walk-in night cases had been treated in emergency, the ambulance drivers were sitting down to a game of gin rummy in the ante-room.

I felt fatigue inch its way up my legs then settle at the base of my spine. It wasn't that satisfying weariness I used to feel as an interne, but now only the fatigue of a laborer, glad the day was over and thankful for some rest before resuming the grind. Wouldn't that shock the cloud-borne laymen; the picture of the dedicated doctor — shattered!

C'est tout.

The report on the Corrigan girl and I are both finished. I'd better bring the files to Dr. Syd.

I pushed back the chair and stretched: arms upward grasping air, legs pulling downward hugging the floor while the feeling of relaxation crossed my stomach. Does that feel good!

"A doctor should never enjoy the luxury of laziness. Didn't you know that Dave?" chided the amused white form in the open door.

"Ah, the voice of my conscience! Sit down Dr. Syd. What can I do for you?"

"Look at these x-rays, Dave, and tell me what you think."

"Hm-m-m, looks like she's chock full of cancer."

"That bad?"

"I give her no more than four months. See, it's starting to crowd the lungs."

"That's what I thought. I just wanted your diagnosis."

"What's her name?"

"Christine Pickett."

"Did you break it to her?"

"Not yet."

"Look Syd, I'll tell her. I'm the rock-hearted guy; you're still too addicted to the sympathy of the patients."

"No thank you Dave, this is another of my special cases. I have the nerve."

"The nerve for what?" bellowed the red-faced Dr. Andrew MacDonald, "Not suicide; you Catholics don't have the guts for that!"

"Why do you always have to make such a dashing entrance Mac? You should be an actor, not a doctor."

"Sorry Dave, I have such a capacity for hatred it would be frustrating to waste it on characters when I can exercise it so effectively on my patients. Well Dr. Syd, what is our Papist physician handling now?"

"A case of breast cancer — it's hopeless."

"Here we go again, City Hospital turned monastery until this one goes. You must buy that Voodoo Water and those Beads wholesale. I won't forget that last one, a teacher in St. Anselms near here. Remember Dave? — all those blue-uniformed hypocrites blubbering Hail Marys after 3 o'clock; the priests sneaking in and out; and those nuns — God, they beat them all. Do you know that two of them asked *me* to get a Father O'Brien? Why I laughed in their faces. I'm warning you Syd, this is a hospital not a portal to Paradise."

"Bravo, Colonel Ingersoll! I'd stay for part two only I promised to look in on the Corrigan girl."

With that, Mac and I were left alone.

"You know Dave, I still laugh when I think of how Dr. Syd outsmarted the Board at Columbia Med. They thought they were getting Sidney Keller, straight "A" student from Cornell. It was the first

time I saw men turn white when a blonde walked into the room. No one believed that she'd graduate. They thought a fourth-year man would whisk her off to surgery on his vegetables. I still say if she wasn't so morally tight she could have nabbed one."

"She didn't go for her M.A.N.; all Syd wanted was her M.D. and surgical instruments."

"That's another thing, a pediatrician maybe, but a surgeon — never! Her hands are as small as golf balls; why they're nothing but grubby little paws."

* * *

"They're not training dieticians like they used to," I moaned to Mac at lunch the next day. "This food is abominable!"

Dr. Syd, who had just tray-bumped her way across the crowded hospital cafeteria, laughed. "The expression is superb! The two of you are glowering at that lunch as if you expect an apology from it."

"Do you blame me?" shouted Mac. "Why this hash makes Army chow taste better than a hamburger on Friday. Then after a meal like this the staff expects me to perform an amputation on that 'hit and run' sot plus exploratory operation on some hypochondriac."

"Speaking of operations," interrupted Dr. Syd, "Do you think one is advisable for that cancer case?"

"It certainly won't cure her — she's too far gone, but it might give her a lease of a few months," I added.

Dr. Syd nodded firmly, "Then it's worth it."

Mac's powerful fist suddenly contacted the lunch table and the shriveled peas in his plate jumped and scattered to the floor.

"Gosh Syd, why do you want to prolong a life that doesn't have a chance? Why?"

"Because she wants to live!" Syd exploded.

"Bunk", It's another fool Church law. You've probably been preaching to her day and night."

"Look here Dr. Andrew MacDonald, I don't intend to preach the Church to you or anyone. We've been through that before."

"Of course my angel of mercy," ridiculed Mac, "She wants an extension on life to suffer: twisting, agonizing, convulsing moments until your good God, no longer amused with her life, decides to sap out the last ounce. You call that living?"

* * *

"So now it's a silent argument. Okay Syd, you don't think I know what life means. I was on Guadacanal. A Jap tossed a grenade; ten seconds later my buddy's head was rolling toward my feet. In a Philipppino village they brought me a twelve-year-old whose arm was blown fatter than her body because of a fatal gangrenous in-

fection. When I severed it just below the shoulder, purple and green spew tumbled into a wooden bowl; the stench was nauseating. That's not all. I had to sew arms and legs to corpses just so their relations would have a body for a family burial. And where was your all-loving, merciful God? I'll tell you: perched on a jeweled white cloud painting rainbows and sunsets, throwing an occasional, but casual glance at his sniveling creatures who were struggling for the life *He* gave them."

After three days came the calm.

Since our constitutions had withstood a maximum of City Hospital diet we celebrated their reunion of friendships at "Mamma Leonie's" off 47th street.

When the antipasto had been consumed Dr. Mac smirked, "I saw some priest hovering about room 301. Who's his prey?"

"A school girl with leukemia asked for him. She's dying."

"Getting the works eh! The Church must have a bargain on Last Rites or one of those two-for-a-penny sales — you know, Confession and then Communion for nothing."

I glanced at Syd's anger-strained face and tactfully interrupted, "I met Dr. Marc Doberstein. He says he came to City Hospital on a special cancer case. Could it be your Christine Pickett?"

"Yes Dave" was Syd's relieved reply.

"Point of information Syd. Aren't any of the twenty eight surgeons on the staff of City Hospital qualified for that prissy miss? And a Jew no less! I didn't think our good Christian doctor would subject her patients to spoilage, or are you relying on a few sprinkles of Holy Water to revivify her?"

"For your interest Mac, the patient is a good friend of Doctor Doberstein and requested him for the operation."

"When is it?"

"I don't know, Dr. 'D' hasn't started his examination yet."

"I'll visit and *cheer* her up" Mac cynically injected.

"Sorry, Miss Pickett doesn't have a hospital room — she's not a bed case. Why confine her to a room when she hasn't felt the outward effects of the disease. The cancer appeared suddenly; she'll die suddenly. It won't be a prolonged suffering like the Brownson woman."

"I bet that cancer cure is right under the nose of those research men, only it's too simple for them to see. After ten years a City Hospital I've learned to become numb to these cancer deaths."

"You may have Dave, but I haven't," Dr. Syd softly added.

* * *

I was relaxing in the lounge watching the languid motion of the cigarette smoke above my head when the door opened.

"That's the most idiotic thing I've heard Syd. Why can't he just remove a breast?"

"He wants to start at the throat and cut down. He thinks there's a better chance of getting at more cancer."

"That may take up to five hours; even then he'll have to remove the breast."

"I think it's worth it Mac."

"Can you stop arguing long enough to say hello. I haven't seen either of you in a week."

"Tell her Dave — that operation is ridiculous. You've operated on cancer cases before. Have you ever sliced from the throat down to the breast?"

"No, but there might be a possibility in an operation like that. He probably wants to remove as much of the tissue as possible."

"How much can you cut out of a human being — a living one that is? You're the hypocrite Syd. If you are going to kill her come out and say so. Only don't pretend you're so solicitous about every breath of her miserable existence."

"Her life means more to me than you think it does, Dr. MacDonald."

A slammed door was Mac's only retort.

The following week the Flu epidemic hit New York; The hospital was packed. Ninety percent of the case reports read "respiratory disease." The switchboard was jammed with calls for vaccine supplies we didn't have. My fingers were cramped from holding the needle — in, pull out, refill, start again, another patient. What a week!

I was just peeling off my dressing gown when Dr. Mac complained, "Why are there so damn many people in this City with the Flu?"

"Oh no doctor not in that arm, my diphtheria injection was there."

"Please doctor a little higher so my sleeve can hide the mark." They should put Dr. Syd on my cases; I don't have the patience!"

"Speaking of Syd, I heard Dr. Doberstein's name called to surgery two hours ago. It must be the Pickett case."

"Well, let's pass by and see if he's finished his 'chef d'oeuvre'," mocked Dr. Mac.

The door of the operating room swung wide and an orderly wheeled past us a sheet-covered gurney; only an arm hung down.

The name tag read: "Christine Pickett."

Mac hailed the orderly, "What happened?"

"Dr. Doberstein said it was a hemorrhagic infarct — she's dead."

My eyes moved across the covered corpse and settled on the hanging arm. That hand — it reminded me of something Mac always said: "They're as small as golf balls; why they're nothing but grubby little paws."

Mac must have noticed too because we both swung around toward the operating room. Dr. Doberstein was in the doorway. His voice was quivering:

"The pulmonary artery —

It became blocked —

It wasn't the cancer —

We couldn't get enough oxygen to her —

"I shouldn't have tried that operation."

"Christine Pickett — but that hand," yelled Mac

"There was never any Christine Pickett; it was Dr. Syd."

* * *

Rain was falling.

After the Requiem Mass we proceeded to St. Mary's cemetery.

As we dragged our feet through the soft mud Mac, who had waited outside the church during the Mass chuckled, "She thought she'd have the last laugh, but I didn't go in there."

I pulled my coat closer to my throat. Now it was really raining.

The weather splashing off the priest's open prayer book reminded me of the last funeral the three of us attended.

"Remember the burial of the school teacher, Mac? I complained to Syd that it almost always rained when there was a funeral. She said something about how nice it was because rain brought new life too."

"Dr. Syd always said things like that," Mac whispered, turning his eyes to the lowered coffin.

WET CRISPNESS

Arm dram ink offer Wet Crispness,
Jest liquor worms are used toe gnaw,
Winter free chops clashing
End chilled wren listing
Toe hare slay pelts enter snore,

(Enter lute:

Pink, pink, pink, pink, pink, pink, . . .)

Arm dram ink off:er Wet Crispness,
Whiff ever Crispness cart all right,
Mayor daze bay marry end brat,
End mayoral yore Crispnesses bay wet!

—Pot Sea Ennui

How Long The Wait

● LYNN SOERENSEN '61

The closed door, the tolling bell, the bitter, biting wind, the long walk to the railroad station, Stan accepted these as the final symbols of his defeat. Pulling his overcoat collar up against the wind, he started the long, lonesome walk over the icy country road. Once inside the station-master's house, warming himself by the crackling fire in the old iron stove, Stan began to think about the events of the past years. Only twenty-four years old yet his thoughts had the melancholy air of the man in the twilight of life.

It was all so pure and sweet, our "puppy love." Gosh, what kids we were then, Liz and I. Liz and I, that sounds so strange now, yet still so wonderfully right. A lot has happened in the past years, maybe too much. Liz, remember our first summer, the times we had? I don't know why I ever noticed you at all, you were so tall and skinny then. I guess it was your eyes. They were such a heavenly blue. Remember how I loved your eyes, Liz? We had our first date that summer and neither of us knew how to act. I wound up telling you all about baseball, not knowing that you were a fan from the time

you were six. I do remember something else very special about that date—it was the first time I held your hand. Your hand, Liz, so soft just like an Angel's. Later on I would dream about the time when that hand would be mine. You taught me how to dance that summer, too. You didn't get very far, I had two left feet in two right shoes. Liz, remember how you used to tease me about my dancing? That summer went so quickly yet it was so perfect.

No summertime romance for us, you had my Senior ring by Thanksgiving. I really had something to be thankful for that year, Liz. I never thought that two people could become as close as we did. We shared everything and maybe that's why this hurts so.

Remember my graduation and prom? You were so horrified when I took too many drinks and Tim had to drive. I can still see you as you were that night. You wore a blue gown which just matched your eyes; it just swept the floor. If I remember correctly, you had some difficulty walking in your first pair of heels. To me though you floated on a cloud. I got you the white orchid corsage that you wanted so much by working overtime in Doc Smith's store to earn the money. Liz, do you remember these things as I do?

I fought going to college 'cause it meant leaving you. Remember how I would talk of us getting married and moving to the big

city where I could get a job? I wonder how things would be now if that was more than talk. But I guess it was just meant to be talk, Liz. College turned out to be really great and we had some wonderful weekends together. My Sophomore Festival week, wasn't it the greatest, Liz? You came up to the campus for the weekend, I hadn't seen you for almost two months. I think I realized then for the first time just how much I needed you and wanted you. Liz, you were so good, so beautiful and so much a part of me. I remember how you looked that evening in your formal and how thrilled you were to see me for the first time in my R.O.T.C. dress uniform. When I kissed you goodnight or as we teased good morning—it was five a.m. if I remember correctly. I promised myself that I would do all in my power to make you mine.

We didn't always have the weekends but your letters were always there. Before long they became my everything, my pick-me-up when I was down, my special kick when I was feeling good and my personal bible for all times. You never let on what was really on your mind, or wasn't it on your mind then, Liz?

The war, Liz, it threw bombs into our lives as well as at the enemy. Sure they called it a Police Action, but fellows were getting killed just the same. Fellows just like me Liz, fellows with everything to live for. Maybe

they had a Liz of their own. You were right, I had a responsibility. I had the officer's training and the necessary military experience. I couldn't hide behind an academic standing. I had to be a man, your man, Liz.

The month before shipping out was a very short time to cram in all the things that I wanted to do with you and tell you and plan with you. I didn't realize then that it was the last time - there wasn't to be any more Liz and Stan. Had I known then what I do now. I would have taken you in my arms all the tighter and told you how much I loved you, how much you meant to me and how much I needed you. I would have taken you to see the big city which you always wanted. I would have bought you the pin in the jeweler's window and, Liz, I would have put my ring on your fourth finger, left hand, and made you mine. I would have done a lot of things, Liz, but maybe it's better that I didn't.

Once more it was your letters that kept me going. The stories that you read about the hardships of war were understatement. You lived in mud, you watched your buddies die wondering just when they would get you, you dreaded what lay behind every tree, building, rock and shrub. You feared what was around the bend in the road, the turn of the corner; you dreamed about the ones at home. I dreamed about you, Liz.

I was one of the living dead, a P.W. who survived the death march and you know why, Liz? I thought that when it was all over I could come back to you. There were no letters for anyone so how could I know that there weren't any letters for me? Three years - three eternities - waiting Liz, not only for the liberation forces but for the next meal, the next to die, the next to come in, and waiting to take you in my arms. I swore that once I had you I would never let you go.

In sick-bay I was only able to get out one letter to you telling you to meet me at the dock. We stretcher cases were the last ones off the boat. Mom and Dad were there and that was the first I knew that I had been considered dead for the past two years. You were the only one missing and I kept thinking how hard it must have been thinking I was dead. Yes, you were the only one missing, Liz, yet no one explained.

The trip home was wonderful, the town never seemed so alive. I could see you in everything. Then that phone call. Why did I ever have to make it? Why did I ever have to find out? Your mother answered, she was very sweet and very startled. She told me in the nicest way; she made it as easy as possible. My recovery took a long time so today was the first opportunity I had to see you.

It wasn't easy getting special permission to see you. I used to have my own special permission.

The trip, the anticipation, and finally the reality. You entered the room, the same Liz I knew. The same blue eyes, the same soft hands, yet you were clothed in things so foreign to my Liz that you were almost a stranger. You shook my hand, yes, only shook my hand. I wanted to hold you but you only shook my hand. You smiled; I wanted to kiss you but you just smiled. You spoke politely of how happy you were to hear I was alive, you praised my ribbons and you told me of your work. I could say nothing, I couldn't trust myself to speak, I muttered yes and no. It brought back memories of our first date but this was no time for baseball. I had waited for this moment for almost four years and now I wanted it to end. You took me to visit your Love; I couldn't say or do anything but look at you. You held my hand and bid me a warm, affectionate good-bye as the bell started to ring - a loud, final ring. Why couldn't I tell you what I was thinking, how I haven't changed nor has my love for you, but you whispered, "God bless you" and disappeared forever behind the closed door.

"Hey! son, that's your train, better hurry or you will keep your girlfriend waiting."

The sound of the station master's voice startled Stan back to reality and he started off toward the train.

"No, Pop, there's no one waiting for me any more - I'm doing all the waiting."

EDITORIAL

• BEATRICE BASILI '58

To be acquainted with the writings of great authors has now found a new connotative meaning among college students. It no longer bespeaks of a person with a well rounded education. It is now spoken of with pure didacticism as the hallmark and possession of majors in the field of English literature. Dare one such scholar attempt to speak publicity of Faulkner or quote a line from Eliot and as the proverbial saying goes her seeds fall on barren ground. And if this is not enough, she is furthermore looked on as either a pseudo-intellectual or a cultural snob.

With the banner of "subject matter only" waving proudly in the breeze these non-English majors openly flaunt an opportunity presented to them for a broader education. Reading takes a great deal of time and there is no grade to prove that learning has taken place.

A liberal arts education is theoretically gear-

ed to allow the individual to do more than specialize in one particular field. It should impart an insatiable desire on the part of the individual to advance in the quest for truth. Granted the studying of literature is not the sole passageway, but for the thinking individual it is one of the greatest. To relegate it to the English major as her problem and task is to admit a lack of interest in the growth of intellectual power and of a greater consequence to admit intellectual satiety.

Apathetic and complacent are terms that are too often bandied about but what better words are there to describe so called students of a liberal arts college. To deny interest is a great fault but to sit back and ridicule those students who make an attempt to advance themselves intellectually through the medium of literature is a greater fault. It denies the principles upon which a liberal arts education is based.

Waiting For Monroe

● KATHERINE RESTAINO '61

My mother wrote for magazines and my first word was "rejected." Her second great ambition was a writing career for me, and it just might be — this is the time to write the story, now that we've finished our parts . . . and so skips my train of thoughts as Sally and I give the registrar our transfer cards — that's the way we agreed it would be. Regardless of who got him, we'd both leave Barnard. The lucky one wouldn't remain a student of her husband's, and the loser couldn't stay and see him married to her best friend. It was different, as pacts go, and since Susan is ahead of us on line, I'll have time to fill in the details.

"Quick and sharp and keen

Like a razor that's scarcely felt or seen."

I couldn't resist that. You see, all I've thought of this summer was poetry and assistant professors who teach it. We had him in lecture, and the minute tall, tweedy, pipe-smoking, twenty-sixish Monroe Stevens walked into class, I sat up — perked up. Ye-e-es, he had possibilities, and I intended to be all of them. "Too low they build, who build beneath stars," I reasoned.

When not reasoning, I was observing. Each day Monroe took a walk around the campus before class. After two days I had it timed perfectly, and after fifteen minutes, I had a date, a straw hat performance upstate.

Small talk came effortlessly to both of us. Monroe is the smooth type. We liked the same things — German food, Russian music, foreign intrigue, trenchcoats and London mist in which to wear them. But art was a disappointment. Monroe was an impressionist, while I preferred cubism. I was opened to change though, thought it best to give him this project and keep him busy. How was the play? Oh, she got her man. After Monroe drove me back to my apartment, I talked for hours, told Sally all the details, that our only difference was my aversion to his love — impressionism. Sally advised me to be

firm about it. I remember her words, "Men like women with opinions of their own."

Monroe joined us after class the next day, and the three of us walked past Morningside Avenue. Now, I'm the suspicious type, so when Sally started the conversation gushing in Monroe's direction, "Don't you just love impressionism?" I reasoned to myself, "Trifles light as air are to the jealous confirmation strong as holy writ." But when he offered to take her to an impressionistic showing in the Villag that night, well really! Of course, she said yes. That's my friend Sally. She couldn't help seeing what my eyes were saying, "Thy sting is not so sharp as friend remembered not."

I made it a point to be asleep when she returned that night, but I did leave a book of verse on her pillow, opened to a likely poem and underlined:

"Sally's the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley."

As I drifted off into "Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care," I couldn't help feeling the selection too subtle for her simple mind. It wasn't. She glared at me wordelssly across the breakfast table the next morning.

"Don't you just love impressionism?" I gushed, "and isn't it wonderful what a lasting thing a friendship is?"

"Let's be civilized about the whole thing. Friendships end where love begins," Sally countered.

And so our pact was born. We nodded intently, shook hands gravely across the corn flakes. No scenes, no recriminations. Everything must be terribly adult, we agreed. I closed the scene with a solemn suggestion:

"Wouldn't you prefer your milk in a saucer?"

We reached class early, in time to realize that most of the others in lecture saw what was going on between us. Monroe walked in, asked to speak to me for a moment. I don't remember what he said, but he has the deepest cleft, the brownest eyes, the most incongruous hint of a cowlick! As I walked back to class, the other students surrounded me, plied me with questions. I turned triumphantly to see if Sally were sulking.

I shall be kind to her, unlucky one, I decided nobly. No, there was no need for it. She was talking intently — with Monroe. They finished, and the same fickle group around me surrounded her.

"Even Stephen" she announced to no one in particular.

"Oh, they love least that let men know their love" I pointed out to the four walls. Then the bell rang.

I wasn't until our fourth date that I found out about the ring, sapphires and diamonds in a platinum setting, a family heirloom

the oldest son in each generation gives to his fiancée.

And you're . . . ?

"The oldest son," he finished.

The next night was Sally's turn. Just as I was getting somewhere with him, ringland, in particular, her turn would come. And I had to admit, affairs were evenly divided. Not that I doubted I would win Monroe, not for one second.

"For this was I born."

But why did he keep Sally on a string? In desperation, I turned to work. Our assignment was to write a sonnet, but Elizabeth Barrett said all there is to say. Did Monroe want a blueprint?

All through August, Monroe alternated dates, conversations, favored glances between Sally and me.

"He hags between, in doubt to act or rest," We both agreed. Then rumors started circulating. A professorship was vacant, and Monroe Stevens a candidate. Only one thing stood in his way; Barnard prefers that its professors be steady, stable men, and nothing steadies and stabilizes a man like marriage. Monroe was ambitious, so it was only a matter of time.

Sally and I started shopping for a wedding gown (We're the same size). We decided on a dream of peau de soie and Chantilly lace and when I tried it on the saleswoman cooed.

"Darling, this gown is you!"

I looked at Sally significantly, but she turned non-committally and walked toward the hope chests.

He gave us both "A" after finals. That was Monroe — impartial to the end. And one fine day, as the three of us walked past Morningside Avenue, Monroe announced his decision. We listened, then went back to the apartment to pack.

Now here we are at the registrar's office, transferring as we agreed from the beginning. But you want to know who got Monroe. All right, I'll give it to you.

"Quick and sharp and keen

Like a razor that's scarcely felt or seen."

The registrar smiles, tells us Susan was first in line, so we'll have to wait a few seconds, but the seconds lengthen into minutes. She stops, coos over the sapphire and diamond ring in a platinum setting on the fourth finger, left hand of Susan Bradford, dark horse.

Well, there's your story. Sally turns to me and adds:

"Goodbye proud world, I'm going home."

While through my own mind run the words of another talkative poet.

"The heart is slow to learn

What the swift mind beholds at every turn."

Thou hast said it Edna — thou hast said it.

"STARS FALLING COLD"

● BEATRICE BASILI '58

The earth was dead in a shroud of white,
Buried beneath the crystals.
And a solitary bird of gray and white
Flapped his wings
And flapped again
And then lay down to endless sleep.
The earth was white with crystal leaves,
And looked upon her silent son
And gave him crystal petals.
A child came into this world of white,
And stepped upon her snowy shroud,
Casting cold gray shadows.
And as she passed she saw the bird
Covered with crystal petals.
Poor bird, she thought,
Dead in cold,
Dead in frozen snow.
Bend down to touch,
Down to warm,
A body dead in snow.
Ah, no, she thought
For he is dead
And cold would freeze her hands.
Cold, cold, dead and cold
Surely cold would freeze her hands.
And as she passed another child
Came into this world of white,
And stepped upon her mother's breast,
Casting gray white shadows.
A bird, she cried,
A crystal bird,
And gazed upon his crystal petals.
The earth lived in a shroud of white
With a child and crystal petals.

OF THYME REMEMBERED OR LIFE WITH SPICE

This may be perhaps jumping "in medias rei" as far as our current educational problems are concerned. But then the middle road is often the straightest way to the goal. That way being a sane look at child versus subject centralization. At the first extreme we see schooling as a prolonged attempt at psychoanalysis with a view towards 'social adjustment.' The second aspect might then be an assimilation of isolated knowledge. On each side there is exhibited a lack of humor and basic sanity which would combine subjectivity and objectivity in instilling a love of knowledge.

Education is a quest to answer the infinite 'whys' that spring forth in childhood and increase in number and complexity while answers become less and less certain though deeper and surer. It is the maintaining of that gleam in the mind's eye which seeks always new horizons, and joys in each discovery, each minuscule of truth. As I understand it, this is adjustment beyond 'peers' to the largesse of Truth; an outlook that sees the folly of small minds, small ways, small circles. No sentimental journey of felt need versus rejection can be termed a search for Wisdom.

If individualism is antithetical to democracy, then our society is right in holding the average as the deal. We must then find that generalization, that ideal median of all specific persons and look upward to the average. Thus the common denominator, mediocrity becomes a goal. Pity the neurotics, the eggheads, the children — what you will who seek to go beyond the 'ideal'. Pity not the disillusionment so much as the maladjustment. Even the masses face disillusionment, for who can hope to become the average statistic, that unity in diversity . . . the median.

But then there will always be the children of light — those creatures with gleams and dreams, created equal at birth but willing to sacrifice normality for greatness. They will seek the spice of new and greater things, the difference of looking above and beyond the mediocre. Out of context with old and new method, they will look in education for neither a leviathon of facts to swallow personality and creativity nor the bulbbering of the idiot mentor of the idiot boy.

● MARY FLYNN '59

Apologa Ad Digitia Mea

● SHEILA McCARTHY '60

Gross negligence! I can entertain no other thought but that. Is there an explanation? Is there a reason why toes have been so overlooked throughout the portentous pages of literature? I shudder to think toes are less highly esteemed than any of the other bodily components that are more favorably placed, here and about. Why is it that luminous locks, inimitable incisors, effervescent eyes, and the like, receive first preference? It is only because they are so haply situated, and one complements the other. If each of these was completely isolated from its pleasant surroundings, would it be *that* much more admirable than toes in their present surrounding? I doubt it. What does hair need to accent its beauty? a head; teeth? a mouth; eyes? lashes. Toes act independently of any such counterparts (except feet, of course, but they're an irrelevant technicality) and to what avail?

Literally, toes have been under our noses all our lives, but who has ever paused to notice their capacities and intricacies? Their qualifications excel mere maintenance of body equilibrium. I'm sure at least one of you is aware of the enormous release of nervous tension afforded by toe-wiggling. With very little practice they will bend quite conveniently for those who wish to sustain the tempo of a march or cha-cha, unobserved. It is remarkable to note the numerous articles toes can pick up, a maneuver which totally eliminates unnecessary back strain. I might add that those who walk around barefooted will adapt more readily to this last situation, than those who do not. And what an air of mystery could be lent to a small gathering by a person able to crack his toes, as some are wont to do with knuckles!

One enthusiastic digitologist has made the marvelous observa-

tion that the Wee Toe is the only one able to move freely, unhindered by any of the other digits. Contrasted with this is the Great Toe, which can do nothing without the cooperation of the remaining four. He feels this signifies an independent strength, through which the mite surpasses the mighty. Thusly, it is his hope to refute the traditionally accepted statement concerning the Wee Toe in the ditty, *This Little Piggy Went to Market*.

Lamentable as the situation may be, in modern times the occasions for observing toes are not very opportune, except perhaps at the beach or in a modern dance class. It is here, therefore, that one with piercing eye and insight may discern the uniqueness of

toes. Some are long and graceful, the result of extraordinary grooming. Others are short and awkward, the after math of ardent apathy. Some others defy description. Frequently there are differences among digits of one particular group, but these are often inert, as is the case with toes that "pidge".

However, it is most conclusive that from whatever aspect one undertakes digitology, he will denote a singular personality in each toe. Only when this recognition is attained, will he realize the omission of toes from descriptive prose and poetry, and wonder at the laxity of the literary world. Only then will he take up with me, the cry of "Gross negligence!"

lorid



LORIA

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● the other side of the hedge ● by

paula guttilla '58

My pedometer told me that I was twenty-five; and though it is a shocking thing to stop walking, I was so tired that I sat down on a milestone to rest. People outstripped me, jeering as they did so, but I was too apathetic to feel resentful, and even when Miss Susan Swanson, the great educationist, swept past, exhorting me to persevere, I only smiled and raised my hat.

At first I thought I was going to be like my brother, whom I had had to leave by the roadside a year or two around the corner. He had wasted his breath on singing, and his strength on helping others. But I had travelled more wisely, and now it was only the monotony of the highway that oppressed me — dust under foot and brown crackling hedges on either side, ever since I could remember.

And I had already dropped several things — indeed, the road behind was strewn with the things we all had dropped; and the white dust was settling down on them, so that already they looked no better than stones. My muscles were so weary that I could not even bear the weight of those things I still carried. I slid off the milestone into the road, and lay there prostrate, with my eyes to the great parched hedge, praying that I might give up.

A little puff of air revived me. It seemed to come from the hedge; and, when I opened my eyes, there was a glint of light through the tangle of boughs and dead leaves. The hedge could not be so thick as usual. In my weak, morbid state, I longed to force my way in, and see what was on the other side. No one was in sight, or I should not have dared to try. For we of the road do not admit in conversation that there is another side at all.

I yielded to the temptation, saying to myself that I would come back in a minute. The thorns scratched my face and I had to use my arms as a shield, depending on my feet alone to push me forward. Halfway through I would have gone back, for in the passage all the things I was carrying were scraped off me, and my clothes were torn. But I was so wedged that return was impossible, and I had to wiggle blindly forward, expecting every moment that my strength would fail me, and that I should perish in the undergrowth.

Suddenly cold water closed over my head, and I seemed to be sinking down forever. I had fallen out of the hedge into a deep pool. I rose to the surface at last, crying for help, and I heard someone on the opposite bank laugh and say: "another"! And then I was stretched out and panting on the dry ground.

Even when the water was out of my eyes, I was still dazed, for I had never been in so large a space, nor seen such grass and sunshine. The blue sky was no longer a strip, and beneath it the earth had risen gradually into the hills, with trees in their folds, and meadows, and clear pools at their feet. But the hills were not high, and there was in the landscape a sense of human occupation — so that one might have called it a park or garden. As soon as I got my breath, I turned to my rescuer and said:

"Where does this place lead to?"

"Nowhere, thank heavens!" said he and laughed. He was a man of fifty or sixty — just the kind we mistrust on the road—but there was no anxiety in his manner, and his voice was that of a boy eighteen.

"But it must lead somewhere!" I cried, too much surprised at his answer to thank him for saving my life.

"He wants to know where it leads!" he shouted to some men on the hill side, and they laughed back, and waved their caps.

I noticed then that the pool into which I had fallen was really a ditch which bent round to the left and to the right, and that the hedge followed it continuously. The hedge was green on this side,

its roots showed through the clear water, and fish swam about in them. But it was a barrier, and in a moment I lost all pleasure in the grass, the sky, the trees, the happy men and women, and realized that the place was but a prison, for all its beauty and extent.

We moved away from the boundary, and then followed a path to it, across the meadows. I found it difficult walking, for I was always trying to out-distance my companion, and there was no advantage in doing this if the place led nowhere. I had never kept step with anyone since I had left my brother.

I amused him by stopping suddenly and said, "This is perfectly terrible, one cannot advance, one cannot progress. Now we of the road . . ."

"Yes. I know."

"I was going to say, we advance continually."

"I know."

"We are always learning, expanding, developing. Here for example . . ."

I took out my pedometer, but it still marked twenty-five. "Oh, it stopped! It should have registered while I was walking with you."

"Many things don't work in here," he said. "The laws of science are universal in their application. It must be the water in the ditch that has injured the machinery. Science and the spirit of emulation — these are the forces that have made us what we are."

I had to break off and acknowledge the pleasant greetings of people whom we passed. Some of them were singing, some talking, some engaged in gardening, hay-making, or other industries. They all seemed happy; and I might have been happy too, if I could have forgotten that the place led nowhere. I was startled by a young man who came skipping across our path, took a little fence in fine style, and went tearing over a ploughed field till he plunged into a lake, across which he began to swim. Here was true energy, and I exclaimed: "A cross country race! Where are the others?"

"There are no others," my companion replied; and later on, when we passed some long grass from which came the voice of a girl singing to herself, he said again: "There are no others!" I was bewildered at the waste, and murmured to myself, "What does it all mean?"

He said: "It means nothing but itself, and he repeated the words slowly, as if I were a child. "I understand," I said quietly,

"but I do not agree. Every achievement is worthless unless it is a link in the chain of development. And I must not trespass on your kindness any longer. I must get back somehow to the road, and have my pedometer mended."

"First, you must see the gates," he replied, "for we have gates, though we never use them."

I yielded politely, and before long we reached the ditch again, at a point where it was spanned by a bridge. Over the bridge was a big gate, as white as ivory, which was fitted into the gap in the boundary hedge. The gate opened outwards and I exclaimed in amazement, for from it ran a road—just such a road as I had left—dusty under foot, with brown crackling hedges on either side as far as the eye could reach. "That's my road!" I cried.

He shut the gate and said: "But not your part of the road. It is through this gate that humanity went out countless ages ago, when it was first seized with the desire to walk."

I denied this, observing that the part of the road I had left was not more than two miles off. But with the obstinacy of his year he repeated: "It is the same road. This is the beginning, and though it seems to run straight away from us, it doubles so often, that it is never far from our boundary and sometimes touches it." He stooped down by the ditch and traced on its moist margin an absurd figure like a maze. As we walked back through the meadows, I tried to convince him of his mistake.

"The road sometimes doubles, to be sure, but that is part of our discipline. Who can doubt that its general tendency is onward? To what goal we know not—it may be to some mountain where we shall touch the sky, it may be over precipices into the sea. But that it goes forward—who can doubt that? It is the thought of that that makes us strive to excel, each in his own way, and gives us an impetus which is lacking with you. Now that man who passed us—it's true that he ran well, and jumped well, and swam well; but we have men who can run better, and men who can jump better, and men who can swim better. Specialization has produced results which would surprise you. Similarly, that girl . . ."

Here I interrupted myself to exclaim: "Good gracious me! I could have sworn it was Miss Susan Swanson over there, with her feet in the fountain!"

He believed that it was.

"Impossible! I left her on the road, and she is due to lecture this evening. She is the last person to be here."

"People always are astonished at meeting each other." All kinds come through the hedge, and come at all times. It is my great hap-

piness to help someone out of the ditch, as I helped you." I bade him good evening, for the sun was declining, and I wished to be on the road by nightfall. To my alarm, he caught hold of me, crying: "You are not to go yet!" I tried to shake him off, for we had no interests in common. But for all my struggles the tiresome old man would not let go; and as wrestling is not my specialty, I was obliged to follow him.

It was true that alone I could never have found the place where I had come in, and I hoped that when I had seen the other sights about which he was worrying, he would take me back to it. But I was determined not to sleep in the country, for I mistrusted it, and the people too, for all their friendliness. Hungry though I was, I would not join them in their evening meals of milk and fruit, and when they gave me flowers, I flung them away as soon as I could do so unobserved. Already they were lying down for the night like cattle—some on the bare hillside, others in groups under the beaches. In the light of the orange sunset, I hurried on with my unwelcomed guide, dead tired, faint for want of food, but murmuring: "Give me life, with all its struggles and victories, with its failures and hatreds, and its unknown goal!"

At last we came to a place where the encircling ditch was spanned by another bridge, and where another gate interrupted the line of the boundary hedge. It was different from the first gate; for it was half transparent, and opened inwards. But through it, in the light, I saw again just such a road as I had left—monotonous, dusty, with brown crackling hedges on either side, as far as the eye could reach.

I was strangely disquieted at the sight, which seemed to deprive me of my self control. A man was passing us, returning for the night to the hills, with a sack over his shoulder, and a can of liquid in his hand. I forgot the road that lay before my eyes, and I sprang at him, wrenched the can out of his hand, and began to drink.

It was nothing stronger than beer, but in my exhausted state it overcame me in a moment. As in a dream, I saw the old man shut the gate, and heard him say: "This is where your road ends, and through this gate humanity—all that is left of it—will come in to us."

Though my senses were sinking into oblivion, they seemed to expand before they reached it. They perceived the magic song of nightingales, and the odor of invisible hay, and the piercing stars fading in the sky. The man, whose beer I had stolen, lowered me down gently to sleep off its effects, and, as he did so, I saw that he was my brother.

. . . And so they dance, whirling and spinning, so few of

them really happy in their dancing. And yet, they dance . . .

for that's the thing to do, the way to be happy . . . some say

the people on the bench are the sad ones, for they know not

the joy of the dance . . . they sit, and they watch . . . they

look at the dancers, and they look far beyond the dancers

some say the dancers are the happy ones who know

deep joy in the dance . . . while the ones on the bench say

nothing . . . they sit, and they look . . . far beyond the dark

of the saxophone shaft . . . some say the ones on the bench

are the strange ones, for they see not the joy of the dance

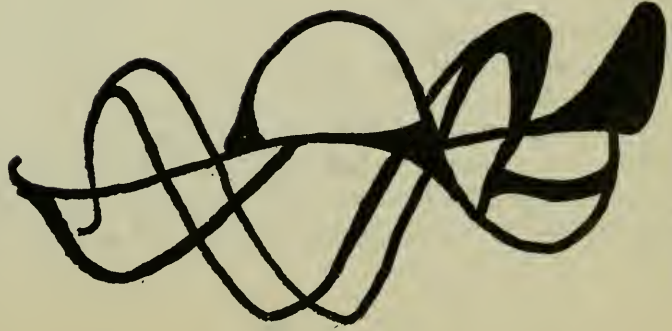
. . . and so the dancers spin and whirl, forcing a laugh and

smile . . . And the ones on the bench just sit, and look far

beyond the dark of the saxophone shaft . . .

PATTERNS FOR COMPLACENCY

by Carol Boasi '58



illustrated by diane potenziac

OF TYME REMEMBERED OR LIFE WITH SPICE

Mary Flynn '59

It is always of interest to search out just what people are reading or doing with regard to the arts in general. The pursuit of learning above and beyond the school level is the lifeline of culture in any society, even a metropolitan one. Perhaps one might add that the respect and encouragement given to public education is a criteria for determining a level of culture.

In this past season, I have had ample time to witness the various aspects of culture available in the New York City area. Unfortunately people fail to take full advantage of this proximity of "couth." You may ask, "Where are the snows of yesteryear?" On the other hand, you, as I, may have no need to ask having pondred the flakes that have drifted into the present. This storm of cultural upheaval occasioned a great deal of time consuming "couth-sleuthing" on a rather representative number of cold, damp subway stations.

A varied sprinkling of the arts is liberally distributed for the edification of tunneled travelers by means of audio-visual aids, as well as concrete exemplification of the individuality within the universality of man (everyone's there). Jostling gymnasts keep one constantly on the alert, while fatigue and boredom direct attention to the architectural beauties and interior decoration of platform and conduit. For those who wish to enlarge their knowledge of geography, not only are ample maps posted, but fishing habits used in the capture of a certain brand of sardines are given scholarly explication. For the budding poet, verses ascribed to prominent readers of the "yellow pages" (most likely ancient manuscripts) are bulletined . . . moral: you, too, can find a publisher. Events of particular note are headlined so that no one will miss the three hundredth anniversary of the gluepot, or the reading of the words: June, moon - boy, joy . . . at Central Park soon.

In addition to this, instructional literature on how to run to the bank, how to beat the hot cigarette habit (and who wants to), how to pay only 36% interest on a generous loan, and so forth will eventually lead to a broadening of practical acumen. Supreme dili-

gence is employed in this as in other areas of our society, not to tax the minds of the reader. Nothing above a fourteen-year-old vocabulary level appears in view, why insult a potential buyer with inordinate depth? Then again, "Where ignorance is bliss . . .", why miss a stop for a three syllable *bon mot*? The push for time as an approach to life finds empirical support in these caverns of men's minds. I wouldn't go so far as to say it's of the essence, merely the shadow most forceful at the present.

Aside from this dissemination of literature to a large proportion of the population, the fine print on the back page of any number of reputable journals of learning, will announce plays, operas and new books . . . just in case someone slips in the snow and misses a train. Ads in taxis are still of a limited nature, and it is perfectly alright to read a paper there. But then the newspaper is available to most people and perusing it will not destroy the "togetherness" of any common background carefully cultivated and established. This, of course, is a last resort, and if infrequently employed does not seriously damage eyesight or democracy. The former is a necessity for staring at all the faces you don't really see; the latter a common heritage in every peer-group.

You're not convinced are you? You don't believe in the self-evident. Be small, read a whole book, but don't complain that you haven't been warned. "Couth-sleuth" yourself and send all results to a close friend who will overlook rare lapses. Better still, BI 6-7 . . . (I'm staring at a sign and just forgot myself). To continue, better still take only cabs and leave that paper behind. Concentrate on road signs . . . start a fad.

The LONE MAN

● Deloris Harrison '58

My head is splitting and I don't know who the hell I am. I know where I came from though. I came from a house tall with white stately columns, and everything. But that seemed to have been a long time ago. After the white house with the columns what happened then . . . ? I remember walking and riding freights to get away from the house. I was searching for something. My head hurts I wish I could remember who I am. Maybe if I think about the past-past I'll know the past-present and find out who I am. The freight yards—I knew their lousey smells and I knew their people . . . There are some old bruises on my body I must have had to fight to keep going. I wish to hell I could remember who in hell I am . . . People are phoney. Where was I? Oh, I was talking about the freight yards and how they smelt and everything . . . That's not important I got to find out who I am, before I die. Isn't that stupid lying here not knowing who the hell you are . . . ? Those damn phonies . . . Who in hell is phoney? That guy that told me I had a good physique and he could set me up as a fighter if only I had a little dough. So I gives him the money like a jack. Well man - hey what the hell am I doing



illustrated by Patricia Henry '59

—talking to myself like a jack? What was I looking for? I certainly didn't find nothing cause I can't remember who I am even . . . Hey I remember Jessie - he was a great guy . . . Bad guy when he had a load on though. Man, if I had only known he'd pawned his knife I'd never let him get into the fight. He looked so damn funny lying there with blood all around him . . . Nothing funny about a guy getting killed. He didn't have to cry like that. Funny to see a guy cry like that . . . Hell here I am thinking about Jessie dying, and I'm about gone myself. At least he knew who he was. Man I don't mind dying, people are a bunch of phonies anyway. Jessie was the only guy I ever came across that wasn't phoney. I guess that was cause he was kinda punchy. After Jessie got killed I just sorta drifted. I remember it was about two months ago I met up with them gypsies. Great dancers and boy can they "con". Amigo, amigo si si all that mixed up talk. Man, we had fun, Dino and me. The kids always running around and everything. I didn't feel much like looking for nothing. Maybe I was feeling like I found it. They was always talking in that foreign stuff. I got so I didn't mind. Dino and his cousin used to talk alot about me. I was the only guy that wasn't a gypsy. I used to tell 'em that gypsies were made not born, and that sure made be a gypsy. Man it sure hurts lying here—I guess I'm paralyzed cause I can't seem to move. Maybe I was in a car accident. Nope I don't see no wreck near. Man I don't mind that as much as not knowing who the hell I am. My head hurts and I can't move my damn legs. Dino . . . Dino! Dino did it! He did this to me . . . He left me lying here all beat up like this . . . My good ole friend - Dino . . . Man, folks sure are phoney. I thought those gypsies were my friends. My friends, ain't that a laugh? Ha! Man's best friend is his . . . I ain't even got a lousey dog. What's wrong with me, I'm lying here crying like ole Jessie did. t sure is cold, the lousey gypsies didn't have to steal my lousey coat. If I don't die from the cold . . . Who the hell is this guy coming this way? I better keep my trap shut or he'll roll me when he sees I can't move . . . Probably roll me anyway . . . What's he doing. The fools takin' his coat off. Maybe he's a win, hope he ain't a junky. They'll kill ya just for looking cross-eyed. What's his story putting his coat under my head. Why don't he wrap it around me if he wants to be so kind. Wonder who he is? Maybe he's some relative of mine. Maybe he knows who I am. Maybe he knows what I was looking for back there in the past-past. Maybe - oh hell who am I kidding - he's just another stumble bum like me . . . Man I wish I'd stop crying like ole Jessie did. He's a great guy . . . He's sure lucky - to get away from these phonies.

TO A MAIDEN THRUSH MOURNING

Jean Baumgarten '60

The maiden thrush sighs and the world stands and weeps,
That her flight makes no nuance of dawning.
Even slumbering Spring hides her head 'neath the wing
Of the beautiful maiden thrush mourning.

Mourning . . . mourning,
Her flights make no nuance of dawning.
Sighing . . . sighing,
The earth pales the sky with her sighing.
Bright heart that once lay on diaphanous winds,
God and earth called a star thy bright being.
Now the valleys lie pale in the lavender trail
Of thy plumage abandoned in fleeing,

Fleeing. . . fleeing,
The soft purple star of thy being.
Paling . . . paling
The bright heart of wonder is failing.
'Though winter has plucked the last leaf from your nest
Must you fly to the summit of grieving?
If you build all alone—up your grey mountain-stone,
Every flower on earth will come weaving.

Weaving . . . weaving,
Ah grow to the maiden thrush grieving.
Flying . . . flying,
And hovering violets dying.
Two silent lips close o'er the pale lucent pearl
Of thy beautiful maiden voice singing.
Turn thy flight to the earth -
And the heart of our mirth
Will return in thy pure bosom winging.

Winging . . . winging
The maiden thrush yet will come winging.
Singing . . . singing
The pear of a flower's heart bringing.

A Summer Night

Emilia Longobardo '60

illustrated by Margaret Connors '60

The night was hot, almost sizzling. Mrs. Awley sat on the stoop on a red pillow. From time to time she moved her body slightly, now this way, now that, trying to make herself comfortable. But she couldn't. The burning step she sat on seared the pillow and sent the heat through her body. She squinted down at the cracks in the sidewalk. They seemed to be melting away with every foot that pressed on them. Then her eyes rested on a piece of newspaper on the step below her. Slowly, almost painfully, her flabby arm reached out for it. She fanned herself with it, while with the other hand she wiped the sweat from above her upper lip and between the fleshy wrinkles on her face with a dirty tissue. And watched the dirty, sweating kids who ran through the streets screaming and yelling and sweating some more, and threw empty dixie cups and sticks from ice cream pops all over the streets but not into the ash cans which were too full and smelly. Although she was used to the smell, tonight it gave her

a nauseous feeling. She remembered a time when it didn't smell that way and when there wasn't any trash on the streets. But that was long ago. Everything was different now. And smellier.

There was ice cream all over the place tonight, Mrs. Awley thought. Everyone had some. And ice pops. And dixie cups with sticky fudge which they licked off the tops of the cups. And ice cream pops with smooth chocolate covering on the outside. They looked so good. And cold. A small boy flung an empty stick from an ice cream pop on the stoop as he ran by. Mrs. Awley stared at it. And she thought no matter how hard you tried to lick it off some of the chocolate always clung to the stick. She wished she had an ice cream pop. But she had no money. Well, hardly any. But then a dime wasn't much. She had one in the pocket of her dress. There were three pennies too. She took them out of the pocket. An ice cream would be so refreshing. But Mrs. Awley knew in this heat she couldn't walk as

far as the corner where the candy store was.

She saw Mr. Clements making his way slowly toward the house. His jacket hung limply on his thin frame. It was much too hot for a jacket, thought Mrs. Awley, but Mr. Clements would never go without one. He was getting old and maybe that explained it. The piece of newspaper was coming apart. Mrs. Awley threw it on the steps and had nothing left to fan herself with. Mr. Clements came up the stairs, taking them slowly, one by one. He bent over painfully and picked up the piece of newspaper Mrs. Awley had thrown away and tried to whip up a breeze with it but couldn't. So he threw it back on the ground. He passed Mrs. Awley and said good evening without a smile. And Mrs. Awley fingered the dime in her pocket and wanted to ask Mr. Clements to buy her an ice cream but didn't have the nerve to. So she sat there on the red pillow and watched the kids playing games. They were making so much noise it was giving her a headache. They were chasing each other and throwing balls and sticks in all directions. Mrs. Awley pulled back a little every time she saw something headed towards the stoop where she sat. They never stopped to think they might hit someone with those balls, she thought. And if they did, they wouldn't even apologize.

There was so much noise. The

mothers were yelling at their children from the stoops and out the windows. Mrs. Awley wished she could shut her ears to it all. She thought of going into the house but it was much hotter there. And there was nobody to watch. And nothing to do. So she kept sitting on the red pillow. Then there was another noise as the big grey truck rolled down the streets sprinkling water all over the streets and sidewalks and causing all kinds of shouts from the kids who threw themselves in the way of the water. Mrs. Awley wished some of the cold water would reach her on the top of the stoop. But it didn't.

Then, having felt the effects of the cooling liquid, the older boys decided they wanted more so one of them ran into the house, brought out a wrench and turned on the johnny pump. Another noise. Another spray of cool water that wasn't reaching Mrs. Awley.

Mrs. Awley knew she had to get an ice cream somehow. An ice cream would make the smells and the noise and the heat easier to bear. A group of boys was coming down the block now probably on the way to where the johnny pump was so they could take off their shirts and throw themselves in front of the open nozzle. They were coming closer. Maybe one of them might . . .

Now they were passing the house. In a thin voice Mrs. Aw-

ley called out to one of them. The smallest one. He turned and looked at her and kept walking. She called again and he stopped. With her finger, Mrs. Awley told him to come up to her. She could see the other fellows snickering as he climbed the steps. He looked at her blankly. Mrs. Awley took out the dime and put it in his hand. She showed him the three pennies, saying she'd give them to him when he came back with the ice cream. And he still said nothing, but took the dime and nodded his head and turned around and walked down to his friends and continued walking down the block.

Mrs. Awley was proud of her courage. She pictured the ice cream pop with the velvety coat of chocolate and she anticipated the cold tingling sensation on her

tongue as she took the first lick and her teeth bit into the cold sweet cream.

There was a loud wailing sound as a fire car roared down the block. Mrs. Awley thought how she hated the sound of sirens. A man got out of the car, wrench in hand and turned off the pump. There were cries of disappointment and Mrs. Awley almost felt sorry for the boys who were buying her the ice cream and had lost his chance to bathe in the street that night.

She strained her eyes to look for him. He was coming now. She wondered what flavor the pop would be. She had forgotten to tell him, but she hoped it would be strawberry. He came closer. His friends were still with him. They were laughing but he wasn't. He was coming by the

house and Mrs. Awley looked away so as not to seem too anxious. And then he was standing at the foot of the stoop with his hands behind his back and his friends were poking him as if to encourage him to go up to her. Mrs. Awley thought, isn't he shy! Then a hand came out from behind his back. It flung a stick on the stoop with some of the chocolate still clinging to it. "They dared me," he cried as he ran away.



Sidelights:

Aesthetic and Otherwise

● Patricia Gibbons '58

A few seasons ago, Samuel Beckett was castigated for writing a purely symbolic play, *Waiting for Gordot*. Critics could make neither head nor tail of it and at a symposium following the last performance of the play, Beckett admitted that he did not know quite what to make of it himself, and suggested that each theatre-goer would do best if he were to interpret the meaning for himself. This season, Morton Wisengrad seems to have been anxious to present Broadway with a symbolic play which might be easily understood by the masses and which, in due time, would give him a hit and the ensuing profits. Unfortunately for him, the play is not immensely successful. Unfortunately for the second balcony devotees, the play is terrible.

Taking as his starting point that the sins of parents are visited upon their children, Wisengrad wrote *The Rope Dancers*. In an effort to dramatize virtue, lack of virtue, good and evil in his characters, he employed the "let's-call-the-spade-a-bloody-entrenching-tool" approach and came up with a discombobulation of overworked, transparent symbols.

Art Carney plays James Hyland, part-time husband and alcoholic and full-time father and poet-dreamer, Siobhan McKenna his wife, overcome with a sense of guilt that she is responsible for the presence of a sixth finger on her daughter's left hand, and Beverly Lunsford their lust-conceived child, whose sole joy in life, aside from her father's sporadic visits, comes from jumping rope. Bert Freed is an honorable M.D. who is called in to examine the child during one of her more violent seizures. Joan Blondell is the neighbor who unwittingly (to herself and to the author who intended this role for the Doctor) brings into the lives of the Rope Dancers (husband, wife and child) a spirit of life and love completely absent from the sterile, frustrated existence of the Hyland menagerie.

Author Wisengrad's handling of the theme, that once evil has been atoned for it no longer exists, is so coarse that the most symbolically important events in the play, the death of the child after the Good Doctor has removed her odd finger, and the wife's attempt to offer herself to her husband as a whore, are treated as though they are mere biological phenomena. Act III, where all this takes place, is the play, and had Mr. Wisengrad eliminated the preceding two Acts, the result would have been more powerful. The last line, spoken by the guilt-relieved, evil-purged Margaret Hyland, as she picks up the dress which she had torn from herself when she offered herself to her husband (he turned away, this time), "I have to sew it. I mend, you know.", is the most powerful line in the play. Yet, it is almost lost because the viewer, well used to the playwright's penchant for diagramming his action and his meaning, half expects an Epilogue, spoken, to be sure, by the Good Doctor, explaining the theme and its relation to the operation which he so successfully performed.

Joan Blondell's role as Mrs. Farrow, a good, slovenly woman, is an example of mediocre, if not poor, characterization. She has six children and a brew-hound husband for whom she cooks. Her enjoyment in life is derived from looking out her "front exposure" to the street. She is dirty and coarse (in direct opposition to Margaret Hyland's meticulous hardness) and remains so throughout the play. Only twice is her character raised to the level of an individual, when she brings coffee to an ungrateful Mrs. Hyland and when she wipes the face of the dead child, and it is then that she comes through as the "manna", the Saviour of the piece.

Art Carney's performance is excellent and is the one redeeming factor in the entire play. Unlike Joan Blondell who plays into her role, he uses his role as a tool with which to interpret the character of James Hyland. The result is proof that the role of the poet-dream-

er-unemployed need not be handled with chickenwire gloves in order to be effective.

Siobhan McKenna is an excellent actress but all that may be said of her performance in this production is that she is able to play the three Acts with a stoic's countenance. Even when she says, "I am hard, James. You are difficult.", she acts as though she were doing the stake scene in Shaw's *Saint Joan*. Her part could be said to sum up the entire play: mummified beauty, a bit wet behind the ears from an unhealthy hatred of dust.

In general, Mr. Wisegrad has taken his three major characters from Betty Smith's *A Tree Grows In Brooklyn*, without changing their nationalities even though he has perverted their personalities. (The motivation behind the change seems to stem from findings of Doctors Jung and Freud and Miss Smith's counterparts of Wife and Husband Hyland and Mrs. Farrow, Johnny and Katie Nolan and Sissy, have suffered in the transition.)

The Rope Dancers would have made a fine short story. It is a pity that Author Wisegrad had designs on the "Toni" ward and consequently caused his tale to be chock full of jump ropes, St. Vitus dancers and tight rope walkers. The question, now, is whether there will ever be intelligent symbolic drama or whether the Public will have to choose between the B-complex obscurities of a Beckett and the all-purpose detergent symbolism of a Wisegrad.

A Satire

When all of this has passed
And we shall see no more
Of tiny dreams magnified,
When time shall turn

The gray cloud pink,
And you shall say,
"What do you think
Of Hemingway,"

And I shall search my memory
For what I really thought
And know that I did not think
Nor even cared to think.

And we shall part then, you and I,
Let time destroy the rest.
Only sometimes, let me think
Of the cloud that is forever pink.

—Beatrice Basili '58

A HEAP OF BROKEN IMAGES

Mary Ann Sullivan '59

illustrated by Ellen McLean '60



Dust rose as the rifle's sharp retort rumbled across a barren plain. Torrid air heaved a heavy sigh, and the earth was still. Only the boy moved - a jerky, convulsive motion, as a shiver passed through his lanky frame. His horse responded, awakened from moments of lazy abandon, and pawed the dry ground nervously. But the boy remained seated, grim and determined, on the tired animal. His head was high, his back straight; only his mind whirled with the thoughts concocted in the laboratory of his limited experience. And slowly he remembered. . . .

The drama unfolded before him. It was a drama of life - hard, raw, undisciplined life, the only life he knew. And yet there was a time - but he was younger then. Perhaps it is only in youth that one can escape from reality.

The roar of the falls, the thundering roar of a mighty river - that was his escape, his aloneness. Sharp air was tangy and clean, hot sand beneath his feet, and then a sudden gasp as the rolling torrents engulfed him completely. His roar matched the river's fierce lusty voice - here alone could he be himself. Great dark birds flew above him, and as he lay in the sun they poked about relentlessly for food. The boy felt a oneness with these murky scavengers. They were purpose and meaning, and strength. They were free. Leaving behind the endless struggle, aloneness and misunderstanding, he would tour the earth with them, see what loomed beyond the wasted plains.

But always he was brought back, sometimes with a harsh guttural command; often a heavy blow was enough. And then he left his haven and followed his father back to their camp. No, not always a camp, for once they had a house. It was small, and the rain always came through broken panes of glass, and the door would never close all the way, but it was a house, so he was content to work about it, and cook the sparse bits of food which meant their survival. At times he was almost happy. But this quiet peacefulness never lasted. The night always came when his father would throw their belongings together, grab his rifle and the boy, and leave. And then the wandering would begin again.

Always at night, always with fear and terror tearing at his heart, they fled. It was a strange kind of fear, for he knew it would always be that way. And yet he was always afraid. Terrified that his father would be caught again, sick from the stares of hatred that followed them, he was chained to a man whose very spirit was hate. And always be followed, not knowing what was right; never showing the uncertainty he felt.

With a studied indifference he passed through shoddy towns and felt the sting of jeering eyes pierce his body. Beside him, with calm unfeeling, rode his father. They never stopped, never even spoke, until they were at a safe distance from the town. And then perhaps he would build a fire and await his father's return. Every minute meant an agony of wondering, every noise awakened new pangs of forboding. When his father returned, they could eat. The gnawing sensation in his stomach dispelled the boy's worry; fear was gulped down with the piece of meat which was his dinner. But he could forget only for awhile, for any sounds beyond the brambles and bushes surrounding their campsite could mean discovery. With a fierce growl, the man who was his father would again ride from the vicinity, and always the boy followed.

For days they rode through dry, unfertile lands, endlessly riding. The boy never knew the reason for their flight; he refused to

let his mind dwell on the plunder left in their wake. On and on they rode, his head spinning from the glare of heat on his young body. Wind drove back any clouds that might have brought rain; the seared, wasted land cast its mood upon the man and boy. And then, when he felt he could go no further, they saw the cabin. The man, his eyes gleaming, rode toward it, and the boy followed. Another dwelling, his heart lifted at the prospect. Warily his father slid from his horse and approached the door. The boy waited in silence, until a rifle's crack shattered all other thoughts from his mind. The man who was his father lay sprawled in the greyish dust. Footsteps echoed throughout the crude dwelling, and still the boy sat rigidly upon his horse.

The heavy air was broken, as great birds spread their black shadow over the cracked earth. Dark and ominous, they perched upon the roof and gazed at the man with calm deliberation. Sobs racked his thin body - the boy cried.

SOME CHALK MARKS

Deloris Harrison '58

We were fat, jolly children wearing fresh pinafores and carrying our shiny pennies to buy a piece of chalk from the big honest storekeeper. Susie lost her penny and she started to cry. Judy found it and put it neatly next to her own in her pinafore pocket. And I skipped on gaily with my head in the air, not seeing any of them. Grace broke her chalk in half and gave a piece to wet-eyed Susie.

Judy had bought two pieces of chalk and broken them into four. "I'll use a little of my chalk at a time so that it will last." Susie made a few marks on the pavement and tired of the game and went off to the park. Judy used up one piece, and put the rest away for the next day. I marked and marked with gusto and uninhibited delight.

The walls, the stones, the buildings went by swiftly, and all too quickly my chalk was used up. At first a tear came to my eye when I saw that it was gone. But as I walked home in the direction that I had come that morning with my brand new chalk, I smiled as I recognized my marks.

Naval Science and Tactics

Marie Pesce '61

I was really equipped for action: a red lace semi-formal, red shoes to match, the Sports Section from Sunday's *Times*, a white evening bag, an extra stocking, a bottle of "Vicks" nose drops, black mascara and eyebrow pencil, a bottle of Chanel and three curlers. From the appearance of my artillery you would think I was gunning for a man. Well no, - a "Middie".

My girlfriend Dottie is very fortunate to know a "Middie." This "Middie" has one friend, and these two "Middies" "alone and far from home" had four tickets to the Army-Navy Game, so-o-o we were dragged!

On November 30, I was standing in Penn station wearing my navy sports coat, holding a navy blue over-night bag with one hand, while the other was firmly clutching a familiar blue pennant bearing, "Go Get'em Goat - Navy". It was hard to find Dottie in a crowd of some one thousand Eskimo-like football fans complete with their blankets, snow shoes and hot water (?) bottles. Spirits were high! Finally I spotted her waving the infamous gold and grey banner. I can't blame her. In fact she had

no choice. Her father is a graduate of the "Point" and now a Colonel in the Army; besides, he pays her bills.

Since we had only a few minutes to reach the special train leaving for Municipal Stadium we made a fifty yard dash to the platform, ducking waving pennants and angry remarks against Navy. The train was loaded! There were avid football fans, would-be Army and Navy grads, parents anxious to see how Service life was treating "junior" and girls who were looking. Our car was pro-Navy. Every now and then a "rebel" would walk through wearing the Army grey and gold and we would jeer him with a "go-o-o Navy." Once a "Kadet" marched through; yes, and only once!

Two shouting hours later we arrived. Girls dragging suitcases were lamenting the plight of their stringy hair; some had already taken to the bobby pins. Dottie was complaining because the rain made her hair too too curly. Heels got stuck in the mud; legs got splashed; hems were ripping; crinolines were sagging. What girls won't do to keep the Armed Forces - men!

When I walked into the stadium I became aware of nothing particular; everything was a blur of excitement. Across the field amid the multi-color crowd stood the Army grey - three thousand strong. Directly opposite them on our side were the Midshipmen. What an atmosphere! I was casually observing some Midshipmen with my binoculars as they casually sauntered by. Ignoring the better rules of logic I made a generality: all Navy men are handsome. Two minutes and five "Middies" later I made another generality: all Navy men *know* that they're handsome. Since most of the non-Naval male spectators were married and with their wives, we focused our opera-glasses on the field - that's where most of the action took place. The ground crew was removing the canvas coverings while Navy was warming up. As soon as Navy sang, Army would sing louder. There was just no end. The game itself was an intermission while each rival gathered its strength for the ensuing war of words.

The football game began with Navy in the backfield (ideal location for St. Joe's) receiving. Navy kept gaining yards while the Army team watched helplessly from a sprawling position in the mud (what nice blue eyes, and so tall!) Captain Ned Oldham threw a long pass (so did he) but Army could not intercept (I did). It was useless, the

Gold and Grey were unable to hold the "Middies" back (well, there's no harm in being sociable) - *Navy scored!* Dottie was watching the game. She just sat there holding her soggy grey and gold pennant and kept saying "they'll come through; you just wait and see, they'll come through."

And they did come through - Navy of course (they're great on the offense). Already ahead, the "Middies" came across again in the last quarter (they certainly don't waste any time). The seconds were ticking away, twenty, nineteen, eighteen. When the buzzer rang, the fans swarmed from the stands onto the field to get a piece of the goal post or just any souvenir (with such broad shoulders too). People screaming, jumping, embracing - really great!

We had to get to the fifty yard line to find our dates. The only difficulty was that five hundred other Navy men had told their drags the same thing. So there we were - 502 females looking for dates. I was no help because I didn't know who we were looking for. Suddenly Dottie gave a whooping Nebraska shout; that meant she spotted Mike. My date was Tony . . .

When we arrived in Philadelphia, we started looking for the Broadwood Hotel. Since all four of us were strangers in this city of brotherly love, we didn't know where we were going. We kept talking and walking in

circles. Finally, Tony noticed that we had passed City Hall for the third time. A conference between the two Navy strategists led to the deduction that we had been talking and walking in circles. So we decided we'd better ask someone where Broad Street was.

On arriving at the Hotel, Dottie and I immediately scrubbed away traces of the football game and changed into our "equipment." After a preliminary briefing on Navy terminology we proceeded to the dining room for "mess". There we learned of the misfortunes of a plebe due to the

cruelty of the second year men, and of the severity of Academy discipline. That didn't discourage me; I still wanted to apply. Tony then informed me of the "Navy tradition" forbidding women to enter the Academy and all I could do was cry "discrimination."

Since Navy men have enormous appetites we arrived at the Cotillion Ball two hours late. Dimmed lights, soft music, a "Middie's" line - that's what is known as naval science and tactics; anyway it certainly knocks down the opposition's defense.

The waves washed the golden shore and left its foam to form a rim of white across the golden sand. "My darling, believe that I shall love you always." He with hands to mold a lonely castle made of sand, she to weep its tears. "I do not think that there is such another love as ours, filled with dreams of what might have been. I do not know if days were meant for dreaming of a past long dead and a future too soon forgotten." Close they lay upon the golden sand, and white the waves that crept to touch the shore, white with foam and warm with tears to touch a golden castle. "Do not speak so low," she cried, "for we have known our dreaming, known the joy that moments bring, moments too sweet for sorrow." Alone they watched the golden sand that built a lonely castle and the waves that pulled back from the shore, and fell into the sunlit sea. "All there is of life that we are learning, soon shall pass into dreams that might have been, into lands that I have never known, into walks that I have never taken." The waves that washed the golden shore found windows in the golden castle, and two alone upon the sand. She woke to find him there beside her and a structure built of sand, to know of time when there was no time and watch a lonely castle.

a fairy land drowned in tears

● Beatrice Basili '58

DE P R O F U N D I S

Sheila McCarthy '60

Our knowledge of ouija boards consisted of a vague notion concerning predictions related by a spirit of unknown origins. My aunt and I considered them a lot of nonsense, and thought it absurd that any such spirit could enter such a board to exercise its perceptive powers. The woman next door had given us a ouija board. She assured us of its validity, and explained how to operate it, stressing the importance of concentration; she said she often consulted it, and received many interesting and accurate replies; she insisted it would be most effective if we had the proper trust in its potential abilities. I was not convinced, but my curiosity had been aroused. However, I now regret that I ever felt that curiosity, and would have suppressed it without hesitation had I been able to foresee the events of the next few days.

The board itself was not very impressive. Across the top of a piece of cardboard approximately eighteen by fifteen inches square, were printed the letters of the alphabet, and across the bottom, the numbers one to ten.

NO was printed on the middle of the left side; YES, on the right. A glass turned upside down acted as the medium. The person using the board was expected to lay her fingers lightly on the glass, and think only of the question involved. The glass did the rest, moving from letter to letter, until a word was formed.

During our first attempt, I stared with complete incredulity at the glass, as it slowly marked off the date of my birthday. It was obvious that my aunt had no control over its operation, but to test her, I requested that she ask about my friends' birthdays, of which she could have no knowledge. The ouija was correct every time. I began to make various queries — about names, schools, colors, animals — anything that entered my mind. Haltingly, but definitely, the glass slid across the board — BILL, ALIS, STJONS; ADELFI, RED, HORSE. Some words were conspicuously misspelled, but they contained the gist of the right answers. I asked if my date for the following night were Stanley; it quickly moved to NO. I asked if he were Kevin; it immediately went over to YES. Kevin was my date. In certain instances it was determined to be specific, for in words with double letters, like "yellow", after going to the first "l", it moved towards the center of the board, stopped, and returned to the "l".

At this point, I was anxious to use it myself, but it wouldn't perform for me. My aunt told me I was a non-believer, and put the board away.

We spent that week thoroughly interrogating the ouija. After a few nights of questions and very definite answers, I began to feel somewhat uneasy, but could not keep away from it. The glass now moved for me, and I experienced a strange power as it directed itself across the board. The next day was Sunday, and I had planned to visit my friend Helen, who had entered the convent, and now taught in our parish school. But in the morning I had no desire whatsoever to get up for Mass. When I did get to church, I was late, and found myself not really caring. I did not want to see Helen either, and postponed my appointment to remain home and study the ouija board. It had become almost an obsession, and nothing else mattered.

My aunt and I could no longer disbelieve in the capabilities of the ouija, and since we already had proposed the more obvious questions, thought it time to inquire about the ouija itself. After several preliminaries, my aunt, hesitating slightly, asked, "Ouija, are you a spirit?"

The glass moved over to YES. "Are you here now?"

The glass moved to the center, then returned to YES.

"Are you happy with your existence?"

A pause, and a move to the center. No answer. We exchanged glances, and she continued.

"Do you have any words for our position?"

The progress of the glass was unbearably slow, but it painstakingly indicated the letters P-R-A-Y T-O H-E-L —

When it returned to the center after touching the "I", the glass quivered, and made a motion towards the "I" again, as it had in "yellow"; but it then started over to NO, and stopped when half way there.

The implications of what had been spelled were fearful. What had it intended? "Pray to help"? "Pray to hell"? Or did it mean "pray for Helen" but make a mistake and refuse to advance? My thoughts were answered by the next questions.

"Ouija, are you a good spirit?"
NO.

"Are you a condemned spirit?"

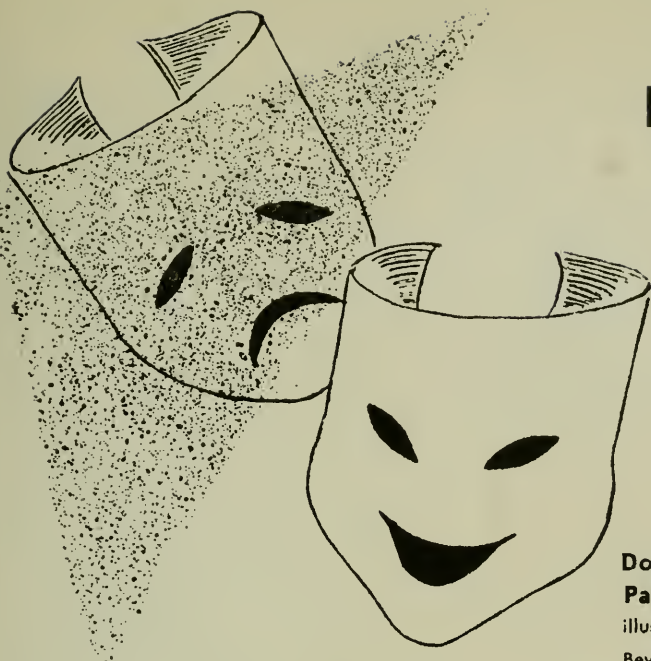
Suddenly the glass propelled itself across the board to YES. I felt an eerie chill creep across my shoulders, and although it was the middle of July, the kitchen became unnaturally cold.

Neither of us could speak, but left the room, and entered the yard. The heat of the day was in shocking contrast with the ice

of the kitchen, and only then did we realize with what we had been fooling.

We returned to the still frigid kitchen. My aunt smashed the glass against our empty ash can, into which fell the shattered fragments. I ripped up the cardboard, and dropped the scraps into the barrel with the glass. Then I carried the ash can to the yard, laid it on the grass, set fire to its contents, and went into the house. From the window, I watched the smoke rise, but was distracted by the sound of a low wail. I hurried to the next room to see if my aunt were ill, and found her coming to see about me. She, too, had heard the moan. We looked wide-eyed at one another, not daring to believe the conclusion forming in our minds. Noticing that the fire had burned itself out, I stepped into the yard to bring in the barrel. I could not stifle the cry that left my throat when I picked it up. All that remained inside were some slivers of glass. There were no ashes. I had started the fire and watched the smoke myself. Now, although the grass and earth beneath were noticeably blackened and burned, *there was not one sear from the flames in the ash barrel!*

THE FABULOUS INVALID



Doloris Dereszewska '58
Patricia Dawson '61

illustrated by
Beverly Neuriter

Anyone who is even casually interested in the theater today is aware of its confused, in fact, paradoxical state. One critic has recently commented that "the theatre is a fabulous invalid, always sick and never dying, with sufficient shots of vitality to keep it limping along." The interpretations offered for this state of affairs can usually be reduced to a single factor - commercialism in the theatre. The problem of commercialism, however, is not a new one. As early as 1913 *Theatre Magazine* began to sound the warning note. In an article entitled "What's Wrong With the American Stage?" the following reasons were among those given for the seemingly unhappy state of affairs; mana-

gers were guilty of over-production and the theatre was dominated by commercial interests. Although the article attacked the American stage in general, Broadway was singled out in the criticism as being the pace-setter in the medium. While theatrical commercialism was at its high point in the early decades of the century, there were nevertheless anti-commercial forces at work - the most vital being The Little Theatre Movement. One of these pioneers, Mr. Ames' Little Theatre, which opened in New York in 1912, was the only one to begin on a strictly professional basis. Other early ventures included The Neighborhood Playhouse, The Washington Square Players, Stuart Walk-

er's Portnanteau Theatre, and The Provincetown Players. Many of the early theatres have continued to the present and in 1950 it was estimated that there were approximately 300 Off-Broadway groups offering plays intermittently in New York. Off Broadway's current vitality is evidenced by long runs. The Iceman Cometh recently presented its 550th performance, while *The Threepenny Opera* has passed the 1,000th performance mark.

Off-Broadway is often associated with makeshift theatres housed in gloomy lofts or basements. On the contrary, theatres like the Circle-in-the Square and the Phoenix Theatre offer evidence of well organized theatres. Currently the Phoenix which is noted for its venturesome experiments is presenting *The Infernal Machine*, Cocteau's version of the Oedipus myth. Shakespeare, O'Casey, Shaw as well as young new playwrights, often neglected, in fact, even shied away from by Broadway producers, receive eager and successful treatment on Off - Broadway stages. Helen Hayes has recently expressed a desire to do some Off Broadway, commenting that it

offers more freedom, and allows for more imagination. The enthusiastic response to the New York Shakespeare Festival, noted for its unusually high standards of production and fidelity to the works of Shakespeare, has surprised many Broadway investors. Many producers, formerly interested only in the possibilities of the Broadway stage are beginning to recognize the value of Off-Broadway. Dostoevski's classic *The Brothers Karamazov* has been faithfully adapted by the Off-Broadway stage in two productions: *The Trial of Dmitri Karamazov* and *The Brothers Karamazov*. The inspired performances, as well as the artistic adaptations, have assured both productions success.

In 1950 John Chapman summarized the Broadway season, stating: "Once again, Economics has won over Art." It was about this time that the off-Broadway stage was really being noticed. If the human spirit is worth ennobling, then the theatre is worth preserving. For in no other way has man expressed himself more profoundly or more inspiringly than in the drama. Off-Broadway has done much to keep this art alive in America.



OTHER ECHOES

EMILIA LONGOBARDO '58

"All time is unredeemable"

Come with me and dip your toe
into the stream of present time
and after dipping
when you find
your toe still dry
Do not insist the stream is wet
and wonder why it leaves you dry
Think rather if the wetness was
while you were putting out your foot
Or might it have been getting dry
even as you moved to meet it?
Or was it ever wet?
You answer that it must have been
for yesterday you bathed within it
But then the stream
was not the stream
it is today
Nor will tomorrow's be the one
there now
If truly there is one there now
For can a stream be dry?

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Litterae Oblectamen Remaneat in Aeternum

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The Water of the Yangtze River Flowed

IRENE CHEN '59

The water of the Yangtze River flowed ;it flowed with mournful utterances. The old forest of Coo Ling bellowed; it roared savagely. Pic pac, pic pac the winds attacked the forlorn twigs and the withered leaves. The remaining light of the dying sun penetrated tall trees and cast shadows on the ground. Looking towards the east one can see but a piece of obscurity. The smoke from the village chimneys had long since disappeared into the high air. Dead solitude!

Soo Mai, with a beggars' bowl in her left hand was coming. She walked right into this restless tranquility. The winds pitilessly scratched her skin and licked her bones. She trembled, but forward she struggled. She was afraid of the mysterious darkness before her, the darkness in which so many wandering souls lingered.



She wanted to hurry home. Ma might worry—she was out for almost a whole afternoon. But fate stopped her here and there. She tried to pick up as many branches as possible; she should at least keep ma warm during the night. She seemed to hear ma's voice calling

"Soo Mai, ma . . . ma . . . is hungry . . . hungry . . . hungry and cold."

Ma *was* calling. Ma's voice sounded thinner than even the hum of a fly. Sometimes it only revolved in her throat and could not reach the tongue. She existed between sleep and delirium. Her bones were cold and brittle; her mouth was dry and her stomach empty. Several times she tried to get up, but as soon as she raised her head from the pillow, thousands of golden sparks fluttered before her eyes; she felt dizzy and gradually sank back into the world of dreams. She opened her lips and wanted to speak; words remained inside her mouth. She longed for the sudden opening of the door and the return of Soo Mai. She heard a chorus of winds racing across her roof, she sighed.

"Aey! Poor child."

She searched for the spot where Soo Mai usually lay. Her hands caught a few strings of straw.

"Aey!" She sighed again heavily, yet nobody was there to share the agony of her soul. Darkness, darkness everywhere; the house was soaked in darkness.

"I must get up. I must find Soo Mai. Aey. Poor child! Why haven't you come home yet? Ma is not hungry any more. Even if you can't get any food, come home! Heaven, why do you allow my stomach to feel empty, why? why?"

All of a sudden she seemed to see her husband sitting at his desk. He looked sad and dull.

"Pa, I know it is all my fault. I should have gone out myself. Don't be mad with me. I will get up and look for her." She struggled, against an unknown force, she yielded.

"Pa, how weak I have become! Help me. Please help me." When she stretched out her arms for pa, pa retreated towards the wall and then gradually disappeared. "What are you doing, you old soul? Why do you walk into a wall?"

Ma became unconscious for a while. Then again, she seemed to hear the voice of Little Uncle, her husband's brother.

Da Ma, Da Ma, here is a letter for you.

The door opened. Little Uncle appeared. He was smiling, but his hands were shaking.

"God news, good news."

"What good news, tell me, tell me Little Uncle. What is the good news?"

Little Uncle put on his glasses. He read from a yellowish paper.

"Dear Ma,

Three months have lapsed since our last correspondence. Neither was there money sent to you. Although this negligence might have taxed much of your patience it was our intention to give you a big surprise. Please forgive our foolishness. Enclosed, is a two hundred dollar bill, please use it for tickets and whatever preparations necessary. We are waiting for you and Soo Mai to join us. In the meantime take good care of yourself and kiss Soo Mai

Your beloved daughter and son

Hale and Yale

She wanted to smile, but her dried up skin had long tightened her cheeks. This indeed was mad happiness for her. The reunion! Till we meet again!

Two hundred! It was a big number. She had not handled such a note for quite a while. The children must be getting along pretty well themselves. The whole family would be relieved from starvation. From hence forward, Soo Mai could carry a school bag (as other children did). She would have a few new cotten dresses. How could Soo Mai face her new friends with her small and multi-patched dress. No. Soo Mai should wear new dresses. Yes, and carry a schoolbag. Ah! *O Mi Do Fa*. "How many years have I been waiting for this day. Now it has come, it has come."

Yes, but why hadn't the children mentioned pa? They could not leave him behind. Thy must take pa along. Pa was old, but he could take the second class train, while she and Soo Mai took the third.

"Pa! Pa!"

There was no answer. Ma looked around, she saw the empty desk. Hadn't pa been dead for three years? How could she be so mixed up. He would not be there for the reunion. She felt hurt and tears rushed into her eyes. After a while another idea came to her mind. This was a happy occasion. She should not have cried. Tears bring bad luck. She wiped her eyes with her sleeve and smiled again. By then Little Uncle was gone.

"Perhaps Little Uncle was annoyed with my weeping. It's all my fault. I will get up and ask him to come back."

At this point another cluster of noise seemed to hit her ear-drums.

"Da Ma, Da Ma. Who do you think are here?"

"Isn't it strange? I have just received the good letter from my children, and now I have visitors. No wonder people say that good things come in pairs."

Immediately ma pushed aside the thin cover and once again tried to get up. Voices of greetings and laughter had already reached the door. How familiar they sounded. Where had she heard them before. Yeah!—the door opened, a boy and a girl or rather a man and a woman came running towards her. "ma!"

Both sat on her bed, one on each side. They embraced her and they kissed her. Lord! She could hardly breathe. One of them said to her "Ma! How you have changed. We made you and Soo Mai suffer like this. May Budha forgive us."

"Good children, don't cry, don't . . . cry. Tears make my heart sour. You have sent the money, why . . . why . . . do you come back yourselves?"

"We couldn't wait, and besides we were afraid you would not be able to arrange everything yourself."

"My good, my darling children . . . Stand . . . stand up. Let ma look at you." Both jumped up from the bed. One was taller than the other. Five years ago one was also taller than the other, but then, sister was the taller one, and now the brother was taller than the sister by a head. Their cheeks were full and smooth. Radiant tears beamed in their eyes. If they did not call her ma, she would

probably not recognize them. Ah! The long lost treasure of her heart! Her joy blossomed fuller and fuller. She knew not whether to laugh or to cry. Again she heard someone calling "Ma . . . Ma . ." She smiled.

Soo Mai felt that she had picked enough twigs — they were heavier than she thought. She quickened her steps towards the opposite hill. Heaven, she was hungry; she was weak. Fortunately them. She remembered those days when they used to have some youth was with her, she could still exercise her will on those lifeless legs. Since pa's death, she had been begging for a living. She wondered why sister and brother stopped sending money to money. Ma would buy rice and flour, and cook them with a little salt. How delicious they were! Saliva flowed to her mouth at the memory.

"When will they give us some more money? So, we may once again have some rice and noodles. Aey! Dream no more.

The Winter of My Soul

DELORIS HARRISON '58

There is a mountain before me
tall, grey with winter coldness
Impenetrable as I.

There is a wind howling omniously
an enchanted prisoner of a dank abyss
Betwitched as I.

Twilight, the time of limbo
no sun has pierced expectant skies
nor my anticipating heart
"Awaken!" cries a distant bird
overshadow blue-grey gloom
that rings to the whistle of the wind's hollow tune
Autumn makes the mountain exquisitely sad
Spring, bedecks and colors it.
But now it is the winter -
the winter of my soul.

On The Rocks

PATRICIA DAWSON '61

Scene: Living room of Blakeny home.

Time: Eight o'clock Friday evening.

As the curtain rises, Susie, a pert little 16 year old is watching television. She is so absorbed that she doesn't notice her sister Kirsten enter the room from outside. Kirsten is 26, tall, dramatically sophisticated.

Kirsten: Hi, honey!

Susie: Oh, hi! (this is said somewhat absentmindedly.)

Kirsten: Well, don't fall all over yourself saying hello. What are you watching?

Susie: Errol Flynn in *Pirates of Tortuego*

Kirsten: One of those "blood, sex and water" epics, huh?

Susie: Yep! He's wonderful!

Kirsten: That picture was made a good long while ago, darling. In the interim, he has acquired a double chin and a middle age spread.

Susie: You just robbed me of my last illusion. I think I'll write a play—Eugene O'Neill stuff.

Kirsten: Sometimes I think I've exerted a bad influence on you. You should learn to be more like Melanie.

Susie: That prune! She has a personality like a dish of soggy cornflakes. Besides, you're my favorite sister.

Kirsten: Don't be an idiot. I'm maladjusted and you know it. I've been a social misfit ever since mother told me I wasn't a foetal Buddha. I was laughing so delightedly at the foibles of humanity and then she had to spoil it all by telling me I was human.

Susie: Speaking of mater, she and pater were in a mild fury to-night when you missed dinner. Dad says you're losing your sense of "family responsibility" whatever that is.

Kirsten: Better I should lose that than my job. Why so much fuss over my missing dinner. Did we have baked gold and truffles?

Susie: Oh, it's sort of an accumulation of everything you've done lately that's brought down the wrath of the mighty ones on you. It seems you're getting the Evil Eye because of George. They don't approve of his drinking habits. (Melanie enters. She is 24, and rather prim in appearance. She has a nasty habit of pursing her lips.)

Melanie: Hello, Kirsten. You're late, you know. You might have a little more consideration for mother and father.

Kirsten: Sure. Where are they? I'll go and consider them.

Melanie: In the dining room. (She eyes her sister disapprovingly.) Susan! What in heaven's name are you watching?

Susie: *Pirates of Tortuego* with Errol Flynn.

Melanie: Have you done your homework?

Susie: Don't worry, I'll do it. Only a little bit of Latin anyway.

Melanie: You should study more. When I was in your term, I studied all the time.

Susie: That explains it!

Melanie: Don't you dare be fresh to me!

Susie: If you start that respect-your-elders bit, I'll scream. (Phone rings) I'll get it. Helloooo . . . oh, it's you, George. I'll call her. Kirsten! "It" is on the phone. (Kirsten runs in from dining room)

Kirsten: 'lo, George . . . nine o'clock? . . . Fine . . . where's the party? The Dorset? Darn! It'll be one of those stock market vs. the servant problem, deals. I'm sort of numb to ad agency parties by now, but if it weren't for the fact that B.B.D. and O. are pinning their hopes on the Paley account, I'd certainly skip this one . . . All right, honey . . . bye. (She puts phone down) He sounds a trifle stewed.

Susie: Why on earth do you go out with that sponge.

Kirsten: Poor George! Someone told him once that he looked like Ernest Hemingway! and he's been seeking his moment of illumination ever since.

Susie: Is that why he's always lit up? (Kirsten laughs. Melanie frowns)

Melanie: Kirsten, you're cruel. You should help him to conquer his weakness. Make a better man of him.

Kirsten: What? Train him so that some other woman can marry a perfectly sober, upright citizen? Why waste my energy? Besides, I rather like him when he's tipsy.

Melanie: You man you don't intend to marry him?

Kirsten: Of course not. I only go out with him because our esteemed parents kept clucking over their "little spinster." I figured George would sour them so much on men that they would leave me alone.

Melanie: Didn't mother tell you about the joys of marriage?

Kirsten: She told me just enough to make me want to avoid it. She conjured up beautiful images of dirty dishes, leaky roofs, and a surly homo sapien. So, I decided to sacrifice myself on the altar of blissful spinsterhood.

Melanie: You're warped. Can't you see how wonderful it is to get married and help a man improve himself? Why, when I got engaged to Peter I knew he wasn't perfect, but after we're married I'll be able to mold his character.

Kirsten: Whatever for? He has a *lovely* character. I like him enormously.

Melanie: Well, intrinsically, there's nothing wrong with him. He's just a little too frivolous though.

Kirsten: This reprehensible frivolity has made him an advertising executive. I wouldn't complain if I were you. Look at George! He walks around like a drunken Hamlet, and he's only an account assistant.

Melanie: As per usual, you've missed my point entirely.

Kirsten: So sorry, darling. I've got to get dressed now. If you're here when George comes, let him in. You can read him that A.A. brochure if you run out of conversation. Mom and Dad are next door, so you get to do the honors. (Kirsten goes upstairs. Melanie stares at Susie again)

Melanie: When will that picture be finished? I don't want you here when Peter arrives.

Susie: Why not?

Melanie: You're not dressed for company.

Susie: I hardly think of Pete as company. He's practically a member of the family or had you forgotten? (Doorbell rings. Susie leaves, reluctantly, as Melanie opens door to admit George, an amiable looking young man who had been partaking liberally of some liquid refreshment.)

George: 'lo! 'm I early?

Melanie: Yes, as a matter of fact, you are.

George: (He is weaving rather peculiarly as he walks to sofa.) Thash funny . . . thought i' wash nine 'clock . . . guesh I was wrong . . . dumb watch . . . (he takes the offending watch and drops it on the floor. Melanie retrieves it)

Melanie: You poor dear boy!

George: (dolefully) Yesh.

Melanie: Why do you drink? (he has obviously aroused her "molding the character" instincts) Are you unhappy?

George: Oh, yesh . . . very unhappy . . . I hate my work, y'know . . . fooling the public . . . d'you know wha'? . . . Krispy cereals are lousy . . . tried 'em myself . . . horr'ble shtuff . . . (he sings popular cereal jingle) . . . know wha'? tha's even the bunk . . . I shtole the music for the ad from Beethoven . . . I'm a rat.

Melanie: No, you're not. You're too sensitive, that's all. What you need is understanding. Here, come out to the kitchen with me. I'll help you sober up. All you need is some black coffee and kindness . . . (We have not seen Susie, she has been so quiet. As the two leave however, she rises from stairs where she has been sitting while absorbing the preceding scene.)

Susie: Kirsten! (Kirsten replies from her room upstairs)

Kirsten: Yes? What do you what?

Susie: C'mon down!

Kirsten: (descending stairs) Zipper me up the back, will you? What's the matter?

Susie: Guess who's out in the kitchen teaching George how to walk a straight line?

Kirsten: Not Melanie? (at Susie's affirmative nod, she starts laughing) She's a born mother hen. Sometimes I think she wants to marry Pete for his faults. They present a challenge. (Doorbell rings again, but this time it is Peter, a pleasant young man in his early thirties.

Kirsten answers it as Susie runs to dining room to evesdrop on Melanie and George) Hello, Pete!

Peter: Kirsten! Great to see you. Where have you been keeping yourself?

Kirsten: Everywhere, as usual. You know what an account assistant's life is like.

Peter: Sure do! You seem to be bearing up under the strain though.

Kirsten: Don't get me wrong. I love it! Care for a drink?

Peter: I'd love one. Make it a screwdriver. Melanie turns purple at a whiff of rye.

Kirsten: If that's true, she must be a chromatic wonder by now. She's out in the kitchen poisoning George Thacheray with egg white and black coffee. (Melanie enters somewhat distractedly)

Melanie: Kirsten, where is the ice bag? Oh, Peter, you're here. You must be early.

Peter: As a matter of fact, I'm late. Will you be finished soon?

Melanie: But George isn't well!

Peter: I am. Why not leave him alone and come with me?

Melanie: The poor boy can't be left now.

Kirsten: Poor boy, my foot! George was his mother's idea of a practical joke on the world. There hasn't been such a low form of life on earth since the first amoeba.

Melanie: How can you be so wretched?

Kirsten: Easy, I practice.

Peter: I hate to be petty, my sweets, but while performing the Sacred Ritual of the Egg White, will you reflect upon our plans for the evening?

Melanie: But George won't be articulate for at least an hour. Oh! I just thought of a splendid idea!

Kirsten: You *are* a constant joy.

Melanie: Be quiet Kirsten. Peter, why don't you take Kirsten to her party. Then I can help George.

Peter: All right. You willing to take a substitute, Kirsten?

Kirsten: Anytime. (Melanie exits contentedly)

Peter: Permit me to say that I am delighted with the prospect of your refreshing company.

Kirsten: You're a darling and a lifesaver. Remind me to tell you sometime that I like you.

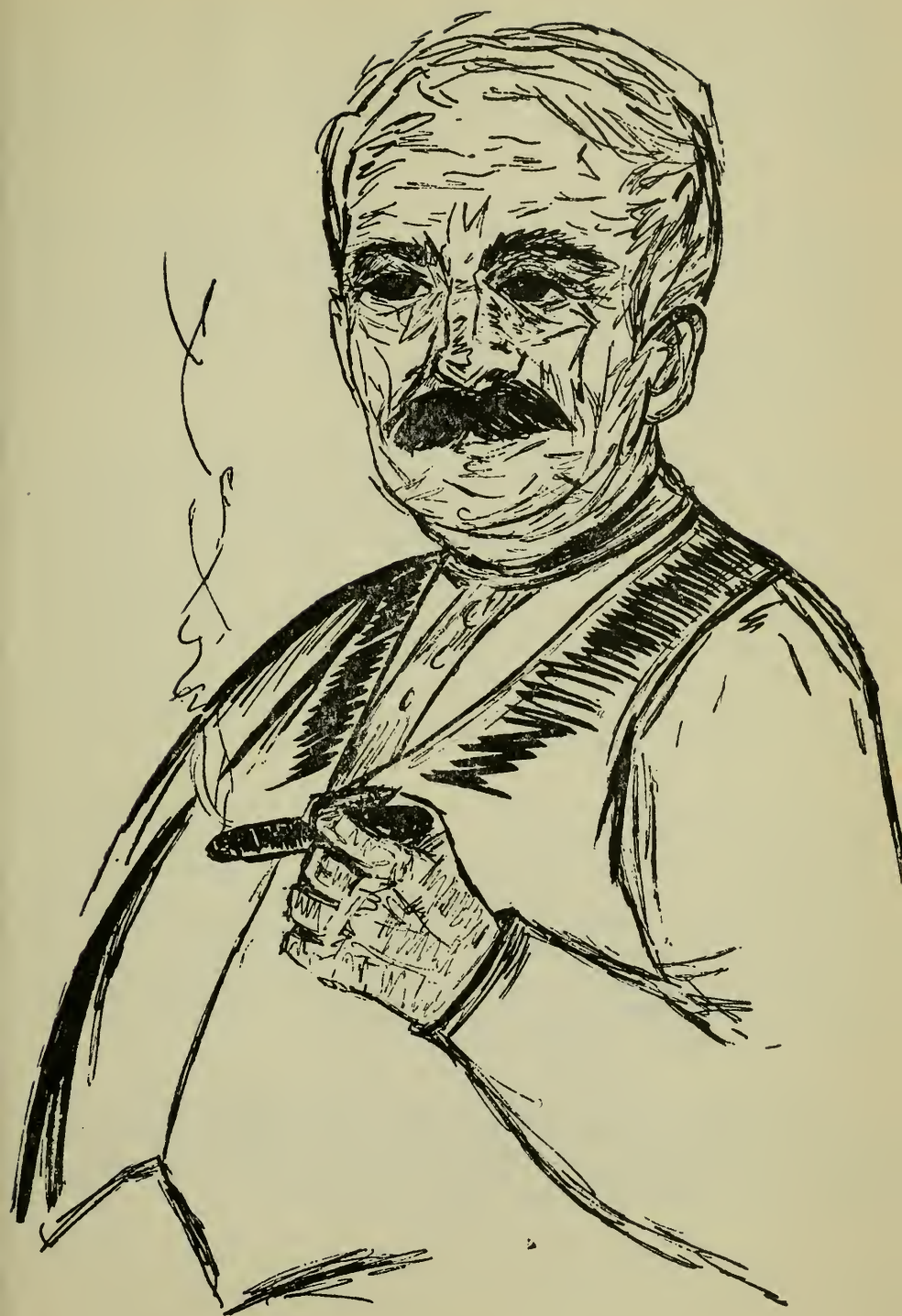
Peter: Sure. (they exit)

Curtain.

Z I O

FORTUNATA URSINO '61

The muffled voices in the kitchen woke me, the room was stuffy. I lifted myself up trying to shake the pain in my head, I felt as if I were suffocating. I wondered if he had felt that way last night when he said he couldn't breathe. I could hear them now, they were speaking in Italian about the old man who lived in the attic, the old man who sat by the window. People wondered if he ever left his place by the window, some thought him a cripple; some crazy.



I remember him always old, always kind. I called him Zio, uncle. When I was young I remembered things through their smells and sounds, especially the summer Saturdays of the bocce games. The shrill coaxings of old men mixed with the strong smell of Italian cigars and air gay with vermouthered breath filled my ears and nostrils.

He took me with him everywhere, he told me of his life in Italy as a fisherman, he spoke of his wife Titina, their son Luca and daughters Frances and Maria Elena. Luca died of sun-stroke, and later his wife Titina would sit in a chair rocking her body back and forth, clapping her hands together for her son. She died three years later an insane, broken woman. His daughters had married and he lived alone in the attic.

In the evenings I would visit him and make his black coffee and he would show me photographs taken in Italy. His most prized one was of his mother's funeral. In Italy a funeral procession is proceeded by a band that plays pieces by Chopin and the coffin is carried through the countryside where friends can throw flowers in the path of the procession. He was sad because he could not have his son and wife go to rest in the custom of the old country, but he knew that people would laugh at this idea. He said over and over again, that the most important part of a funeral is to have someone cry for the dead; the sign of a good person and a good life was the tears of someone who mourned him.

As I set the table he got up to open the window and fell. He didn't move, I knelt beside him, breathed into his mouth, I called him Zio, Zio! I held him in my arms. Suddenly I realized that I was holding Zio and that he was dead. I screamed until I felt someones hand releasing my clenched fingers from his shoulders, I remained kneeling on the floor and felt the confused movement around me. The wail of sirens pulled me to my feet; the room was crowded with dream people pushing me onto a chair. It was a strange night filled with a noisy silence; I had seen a man die.

I cried for him, for the band that would not play, for the procession that would not march, for myself, and for a world that did not know him. Old man, who will remember you? There is no son to carry on your name; no fame to pay you tribute.

The Contemplate

JEAN BAUMGARTEN '60

She weaves her walls of blossoms filled with tears,
Plaiting a cell around where love once fell,
(An arrowed flow of marmorian light),
And tenderly she lays each petal close.

Deep in her wood of secret summer shade,
Skirting the meres of soft-eyed wood-munk hears
The echoes of the melody she sings,
And trembling from his lilac leaf he lingers—

— Dear beyond all dearness
Loved above all love,
If you ride abroad
In this bright hour,
In a bud's pale throat -
Hear my mournful note,
See my longing soul -
Athwart a flower.

EDITORIAL

BEATRICE BASILI '58

The appreciation of literature is not limited to short stories and essays but extends to poetry as well. There is a difficulty, however, in this last art form that is not so prevalent in the two aforementioned forms. The problem rests in the concept of communication. This fact, this concept of communication is a part of every poem. Without it, poetry would not be an art. But communication is not limited to the sphere of meaning and ideas. There is another type, a communication upon which most modern poetry is based. This force is simply termed emotion or feeling.

Communication by meaning or ideas is the most commonly ac-

cepted process by which the words of the author reach the understanding of the reader. However, in this instance, poetry is often found to be prostituting the poetic form to convey ideas which could better be conveyed by non-poetic discourse.

Art must rank with science and philosophy as a way of obtaining knowledge about reality but it has a much higher significance. This higher significance is accorded to poetry because it communicates a knowledge above reality, and this must embody more than the meaning or the idea of the poem. It must be a sharing between the poet and the reader of feeling, of emotion, of personal depth in order to elevate the reader, lift him out of the mere "message" of the poem and allow him to use his whole being in understanding the work of art.

Just as it is not necessary to know the meaning of the words of a foreign language to know its beauty, it is not necessary to know the literal meaning of a poem. The expression, the tone, the inflection, these are methods of communicating verbally the emotions of the author. That is not to say that feeling or emotion are sufficient in themselves. They must be based on a perception of life, the essence of poetic life, a moment of beauty.

Of Tyme Remembered Or Life With Spice

MARY FLYNN '59

The birth of a cynic . . . I suppose twenty is a good age to look back and forward, a sort of cycle time. The wheel of misfortune has almost completed its present turn of new territory, and is about to slide into a slightly different arc of 'un-learning'. A world once charming, disarming, ego-centric and novel has suddenly abandoned its adolescent *joie de vivre* for a cloak of singularly monochromatic ambiguousness. Wisps of concreteness are perilously balanced, edged on a cliff which descends to a whirlpool of brooding conformity. Hang on, give a Celtic adieu to the crowds who stumble no longer, who rather walk in stiff columns—aligned. When society is no longer the property of a person, that person becomes the property of society. The cynic is the exception that proves this rule, or perhaps that is too personal an assumption.

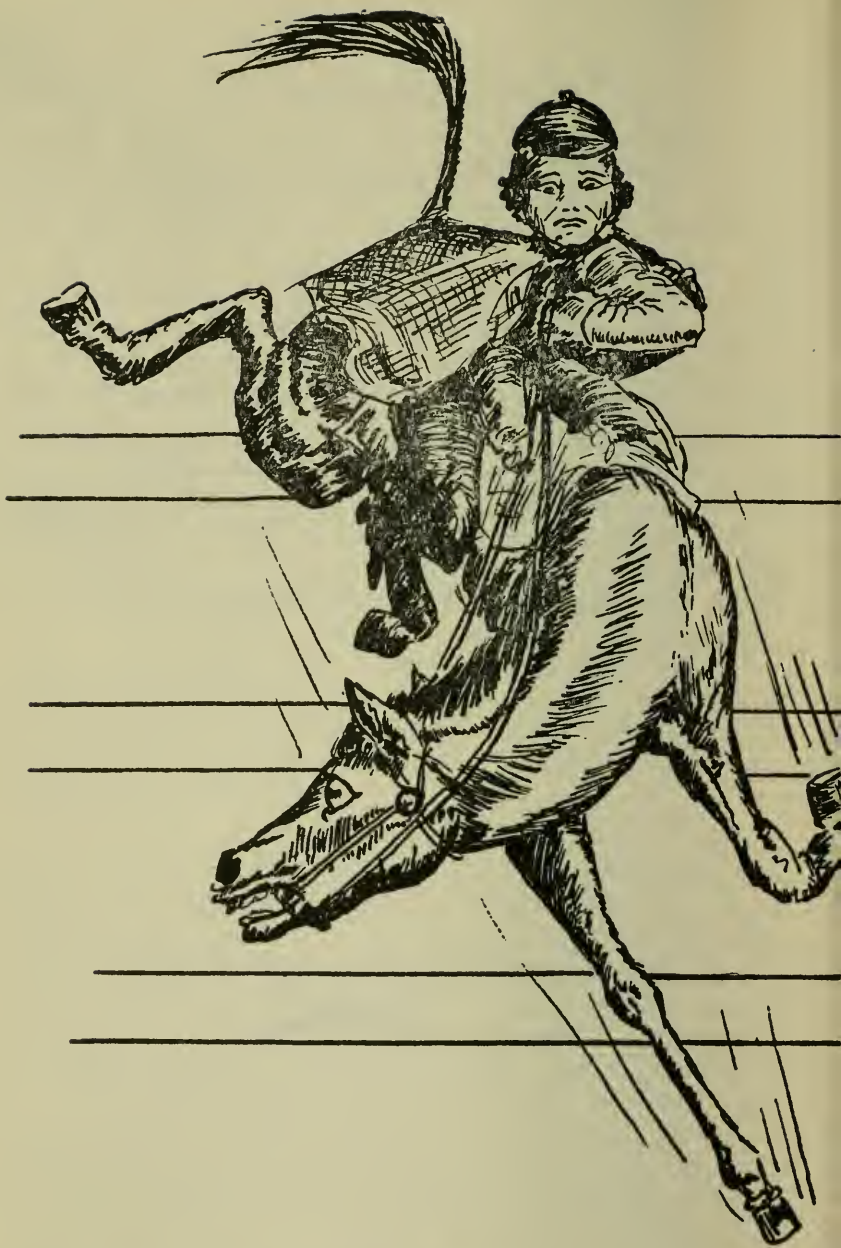
"When we were three . . .", Poo Bear and the Jabberwock were a legitimate part of our reality. This was henceforth to present a grave problem as a great many people met in later days could not measure up to this early expectation. But that is one of the unfortunate failures of a sheltered life. Another importunate circumstance is the arrival at school where sundry other little heads hold the similar notion that life is theirs and people with imaginative characters of limitless capacities in any adventure or endeavor. Poor little friends whose fiber is shattered without replacement. Every sort of organized activity and organized thought was pounded and cajoled to fill the shredded core, yet only perpheral benefits were assumed. Needs never before realized were introduced to a curriculum already chock full of socializing material. Imagination was banished to "never-never land" and we settled down to serious play. The intrinsic merit of this life was to create an even darker cloud in the cave. Of course, the trick is to peep, to snicker over one shoulder while maintaining a serious demean on the other side of the cheek—step one. This is a system you will note in which one doesn't turn the other.

With slowly staggered darts from the serious eye, one must prick the bubbles erected on the brooders side. The doleful gaze combined with the slightest suggestion of that exterior smile however, might very well lead to expulsion from the line of march. There are very well defined pros and cons for this procedure. There *will* be a few companions in the nether camp, they will in all probability be far more interesting than the bubble blowers, and further all schizophrenia will be banished as the entire visage may smile or frown simultaneously. The core will be refilled instead of the corps, serious play well ousted and only principle will demand an attitude of consternation. Blow pipe fancies will assuredly be replaced with a merrier sort which of course is a boon to be spoken of softly. The consternation of philosophers and the wisdom of fools are the punishment of forfeiture—lethel logic and luminous laughter.

But enough of this nonsense, day dream escape from the earnestness of being earnest. The mob from the negative side must have hearing. You will lose security, opportunity for advancement, your touch with the rank and file. And aside from that you will have to gain reentrance through your golden portal, pass under our glorious motto . . . “Abandon All Hope Ye Who Enter Here!”

We are twenty . . .





An odor of saddle-soap permeated the cool, brisk air. Cathy fixed her eyes on a highly polished spot on her saddle. As she rubbed, the luster spread over it like water, revealing the warm brown leather. The rest of her tack stood ready to be given the same treatment. That tight, knotted feeling came back into her stomach as she look-

Tack Up and Show

JUDITH WARNER '61

ed at it, picturing that night - Show Night - with the lights, the faces, - and "Flame."

Cathy suddenly became aware of the strawberry roan's tense, restless movements in the stall behind her. She didn't have to turn to know that his head would be up, his nostrils flared, his ears pricked

to receive every sound His tendons were taut and his neck arched. Cathy knew because "Flame" was her horse and "Flame" was waiting too.

"My horse," she murmured wryly to herself, "and I can't even mount him. He knows I'm afraid and that he can just about do what he wants with me."

As the morning sun became warmer and the spot became larger, Cathy's thoughts drifted back over the two years that she had owned her horse. She remembered the first day, her seventeenth birthday, when the big truck pulled into the stable yard. Four horses had been led down the ramp while one still remained in the trailer. As the man took his halter, he reared and plunged his hoofs into the side-wall. Someone yelled and people ran to help. The beautiful roan bucked and sunfished! He reared and kicked! - until finally three men brought him under control.

"C'mon Cath", yelled her father, "this boy looks like fun!"

She had run over to stroke the horse's velvety-soft nose while her father argued about dams and sires, conformation and points. In a few minutes he returned saying, "Well, we bought 'em all." Then he laughingly continued, "what are you going to name this scared rabbit, Cathy?"

"Flame" was her reply and from that moment on the big, sleek horse was Cathy's undisputed property.

Now she picked up the bridle, slipped the cavesson loose and began to rub it vigorously. She had to laugh to herself as she realized the difference time could make. Yes, "Flame" had been the one who was afraid then.

Unconsciously Cathy opened a new tin of saddle soap and rubbed her finger over its smooth surface. It was as smooth as her horse's coat on that first summer. It was the table joke that if Cathy didn't stop currying "Flame," he would be the world's first bald horse before winter.

But summer passed into Autumn, and Autumn into Winter and "Flame" had still kept his hair. He learned a few things too. Cathy boasted that she never used a heel on him, or even moved her hands on the reins. "Her Flame" would obey commands on word signals only. He trotted on the right diagonals; his canter was the smoothest in the state. He took a four foot jump as if he were trying to be another Pegasus.

That spring Cathy entered him into the show circuit. They toured

the state and at every event the roan and his rider placed either first, second or third.

"Don't yo' ever drop outta th' money, Cathy", Charley, the old negro trainer, had warned her. But she and "Flame" were a team! Her horse was a Champ! It could never happen. It was impossible!

Cathy was happy just remembering how proud her father had been. Oh sure, all his mounts won a lot of honors, but, if this didn't beat all, he didn't know what did. Carried on a wave of joyful memory, she thought that it wasn't only in the Show Ring that she had loved her roan. It was those other times on the bridlepeth, and in the fields and hills that counted most.

"The wild times! - the gallops! - the rascal!" she thought.

Charley had called her a "horse-killer" - and her father told her to treat "Flame" as he should be treated, - as a showhorse! But if "Flame" didn't mind, neither did she. So, horse and rider ran over the countryside together.

The polishing cloth moved faster and faster. Now she wanted to stop remembering. Now was the time she dreaded - the time when it would all flood back into her mind. She wanted to stop but "Flame's" incessant banging in the stall kept pushing that night into her thoughts. The cold, damp blackness dropped over her. Once again Cathy was on that Hallowe'en ride. Every year the younger people rode out in the late evening to patrol the grounds of the stables and farms, guarding them against pranksters who might be prowling around the horses. Naturally, it always turned into a joy ride.

Cathy shuddered as her mind rode through that terrible black night. They had galloped and she had been leading.

"I was leading," she sobbed. "I was leading but I couldn't see anything ahead."

"Flame" was excited and he thundered forward oblivious to what might be waiting. Faster and faster he ran and Cathy urged him on - up one hill, across a field, through a stream. His flanks were dripping with perspiration, his heart was beating rapidly and still they galloped.

Suddenly, Cathy saw a dark form before her. She tried to duck but the branch still managed to throw her off balance. For a split second she thought she would regain her seat. Then "Flame" swerved and she was falling with one foot still caught in the stirrup. Cathy's shoulders scraped the ground and she could sense the horse's hoofs pounding near her face. The jagged rocks ripped

her blouse and cut the skin on her back. Then, with one more tug on the stirrup - she was free! Rolling to the side of the trail, an even thicker darkness swept over her, blotting out the horror of the moment.

The clatter of the falling metal tin released Cathy from her unpleasant reverie. Just as she finished the last touches on the bridle her father's car entered the parking lot outside the big arena. Quickly, and almost gratefully, she stowed her equipment away in the tack room to wait the "big" night ahead. Throughout the drive to the hotel, her father kept up a steady stream of predictions and admonitions. It seemed that every sentence was punctuated by,

"We'll really show 'em tonight, Cathy. Just wait till tonight."

"Yes", she sighed to herself, I'll wait - and I wish I could wait forever!"

She felt the urge mounting within her to reveal her fear but, as always, she backed away from storming her father's dominating personality. He could never understand. He lived for horses almost as he lived for her, and he would never be able to reconcile a splitting of the two. It wouldn't matter to him that she'd been thrown and dragged. He would find this a poor excuse for fear. He, himself, wore his scars as a badge of courage because no horse had ever kept him down.

The same sun that she had worked under that morning seemed to race across the sky. The hours flew by, taking the rest of the day with them. Almost without thinking she went through the motions expected of her. Then, at six, Cathy was jolted back to reality - only one more turn of the clock before show time.

Within a half hour she was on her way back to the arena. Cathy's new jodphurs were stiff and they made her hope wildly, almost inanely, that she wouldn't even be able to put her foot into the stirrup. But she couldn't push it away any longer - "tonight" had finally come. Behind the scenes of the Show Ring there exists a world that the spectator doesn't know. Almost immediately, Cathy temporarily lost her panic in the midst of saddles and bridles, horses and riders - all adding to the pre-show confusion. For a short time it was just another event. She was on the familiar ground of last minute preparation.

Then, like oil spreading over a smooth surface, the terrible sensation flowed back over her, - bit by bit, inch by inch - as she heard the ringmaster yell.

"Tack-up and show!"

Beyond the in-gate the faces of the audience seemed to fade and clear in time with Flame's pounding hoof. Cathy felt something like a cold wind blowing across her back and tiny beads of perspiration broke out on her forehead. Now, the gate was pushed back and there was no barrier ahead to stop them. Every muscle tightened in Flame's body. He drew himself together and plunged forward - ever the showman. Cathy settled herself into the rhythm of the canter and almost wished it would lull her to sleep. As Flame rocked back and forth all her senses wanted to shut out the crowds and the noise.

"How calm I must look," she laughed wryly, ashamed of the silliness of her statement even as she said it. "After all - we're a team, aren't we, Flame?"

He answered only by a toss of his head as he started the approach for the first jump. The white fence loomed ahead and instinctively Cathy bridged her reins before taking a jumping position. She moved forward; Flame leaped; they cleared it - no faults.

"What a joke on you 'Baby'. You're doing all the work and they're applauding me."

Cathy's irony was short-lived as she approached the second jump. She studied the alarming V - shaped structure. Flame saw it too! For the first time in his life, the big roan tried to swerve from a Show-Ring course. The idea reached Cathy quickly.

"He's afraid - but he can't be. He can't be! she mumbled incredulously.

Then as they took the obstacle, Flame's ease and grace dispelled this thought.

"Two down - six to go! six to go! - six to go! Oh, my God help us! 'Us'", Cathy thought, surprised at herself, "why did I say 'Us'?"

The realization rested heavily in her heart. She knew her horse and subconsciously she had prayed for him, too. Flame must be afraid. For the first time in a long while, something besides fear took hold of Cathy. As they cleared the next two jumps she felt that old feeling of affection for her mount. It was the same as she'd had when both were only novices in this "business". But, inwardly, Cathy knew that her fear was still stronger. Fifth jump - one fault!

The next two jumps would have to be faultless if she and her horse were to place "in the money." They were high but the ap-

proaches were fast - and easy! Flame extended his canter and Cathy felt his tenseness. It surged along the reins she held in her hands. It shot through her knees as they clutched the saddle. Six cleared! - no faults.

Now Flame wanted to be his own master. He was taking over. As far as he was concerned, his only goal was to thunder out the gate as quickly as possible. Cathy was just a weight being propelled forward by this blind force. Seventh over - no faults! It was a near miss though.

"Seven jumps cleared and only one fault," Cathy hoped, "maybe we'll place yet!"

At the other end of the ring lay their big challenge. The "spread jump" would decide their fate. A lump rose in her throat as she studied the three obstacles that had to be taken in one leap. They seemed to be ridiculously far apart. No horse could make it. But - she had to admit that quite a few had done it earlier that very evening.

Flame cantered forward, shifting his leads like a small boy afraid of being punished. Cathy urged him on. If they were to clear it at all, this approach should be fast. He was hesitant - so Cathy brought her heels into his sides for the first time. It was a new sensation and Flame was shocked into action - but too late. She realized that this new momentum wasn't enough to push them across. Still, it was a desperate try . . .

Once again she assumed jumping position but this time it wasn't just routine. No matter how it turned out - Cathy would remember this moment - This last attempt - forever.

Flame threw himself into space. Then, half-way across, he seemed to change his mind. Cathy felt him fall! Strangely, she was still mounted. The wooden bars and the stanchions were in a mad jumble. Many trapped him as he struggled to free himself. Flame had come down in the middle of the three fences. Splintered wood tore at his sides and legs. If only he'd lie still!

The ring-men ran toward them. This frightened him even more. The crowd screamed and panic seized her horse. Cathy sensed, rather than felt, the men trying to lift her off his back. But she couldn't - she wouldn't. She had to get him out and Flame would never quiet down amid the confusion if she left him alone.

"What happens now? What should I do? What will happen?", she cried wildly as the crazed horse thrashed about - his flying hoofs preventing help from coming closer.

Cathy saw her father running across the show ring. He pushed through the crowd, yelling to her.

"Cath, get off. Get off! Don't be a damn fool! Do you want to kill yourself? He's going to go down - get off!"

This was just one more thing he didn't understand. Thank God he couldn't come close enough to pull her from the saddle.

Desperately, Cathy tried to quiet flame by speaking slowly and gently. But even when he could hear her through the noises, her own voice would betray anxiety.

"Take it easy, Baby! Calm down - shh . . . Easy now, easy."

The ring-crew moved in. Quickly they pulled the bars loose. One! Two! Three! Now there was an opening. If only she could maneuver Flame towards it. Still, one bar stubbornly kept his forelegs pinned to the ground in a kneeling position.

"Pull that one loose! Hurry! Pull it loose!, she screamed.

Her father saw it at the same time she did. In a moment he had moved the obstacle and Flame struggled to his feet. For a split second the roan stood trembling. Then, bolted out of the ring. Once outside, he sank to the ground just as suddenly. Cathy jumped clear. Kneeling down, she cradled his head in her arms. She rubbed his forehead and gradually his panting subsided.

The crowd had left them alone. Inside the ring, the ribbons for her class were awarded. Cathy heard her name called for fifth place. Her father's voice came from behind her.

"I don't think Charley will really mind, Cathy."

Soon, he walked away too.

For a little while, they remained like that. Then, with what seemed like a sigh, Flame drew himself up. As she led him back to the stable, he looked at her apologetically - almost pleadingly.

"It's okay, Baby, Anyone can be afraid. We'll win next time."

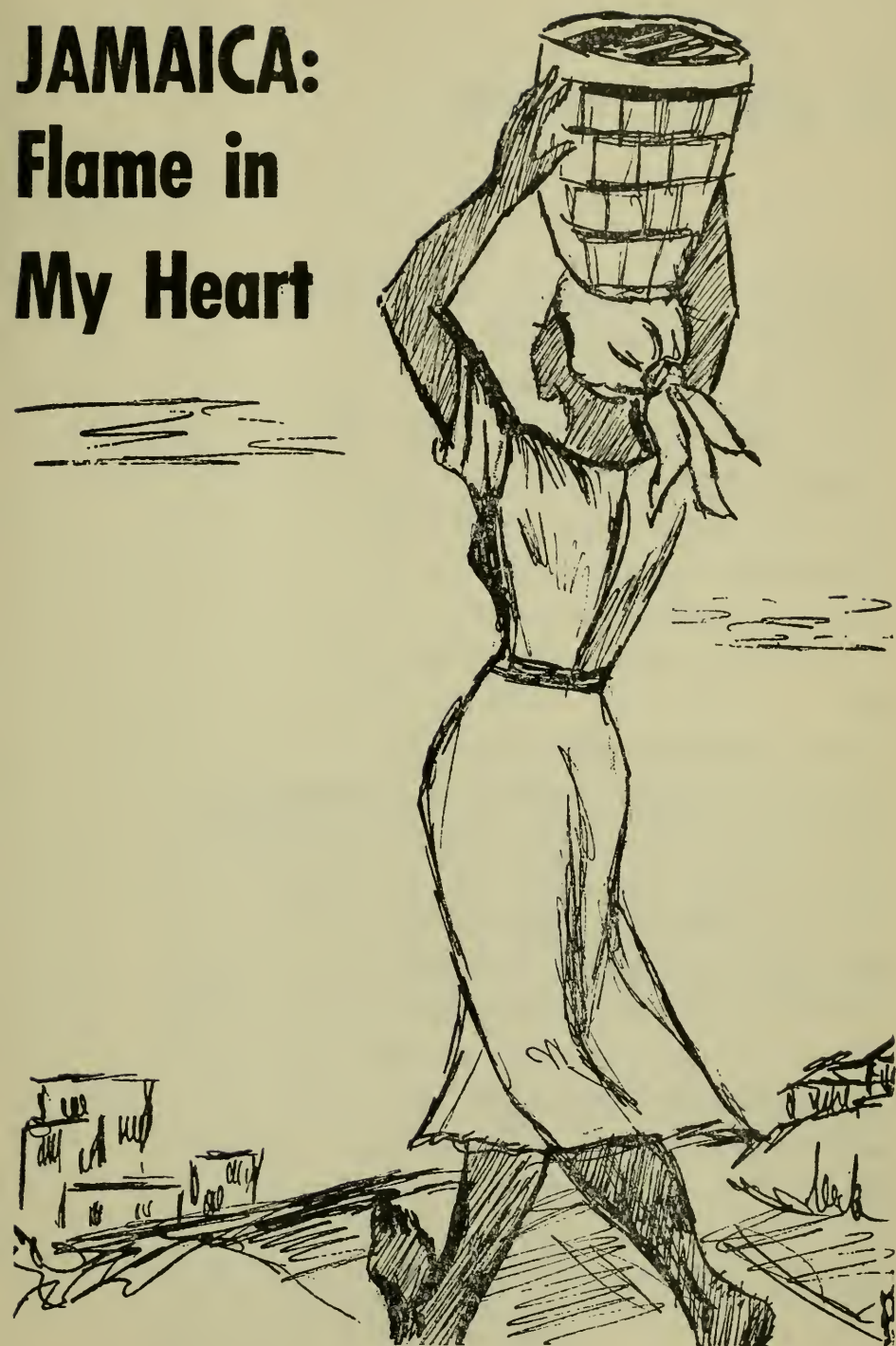


ELAINE CARWIN '58

So much have I forgotten in seven years,
So much in seven brief years. I have forgotten
What time purple apples come to juice,
And what month brings the shy forget-me-not.
I have forgotten the special, startling season
Of the pimientó's flowering and fruiting,
What time of year the ground doves brown the fields
And fill the noonday with their curious fluting.
I have forgotten much but still remember
The poinsettia's red, blood red, in warm December.
I shall remember the warmth and gaiety of my people,
The polyglot color and variety of their faces,
The happy fusion of our myriad races,
In common love that unites and binds us to this land.

And I shall yearn for the sight
Of faces black and brown,
People with dark, sparkling eyes,
With a ready tongue, and laughter loud and unashamed.
I shall remember
The tread of their feet on the naked earth,
The unconscious strength and poise,
As with basket-bearing head thrown back,
They stride to town
Like Israel to the promised land.

JAMAICA: Flame in My Heart



An Original Translation

IRENE CHEN '59

Over the high hills and down through the dales
I travelled to Ching Mun Hill.
There I saw the village which
Once cradled and nurtured a palace maid.
It stood erect in silent mourning
For Tsou Gewn who died in the land
Where sand and corpses mixed.
Only a verdant tomb now stays
To bid farewell to the evening sun.
Ah!
Careless sceptre saw but a portrait false.
Wedded the helpless maiden to the savage king.

Who knew her sorrow and her pain?
Her pei pa she plucked the string
and let her secret lamentations flow,
Till her spirit from her body was released, and
Sailing across the sacred galaxy
came home to her native country.
lute

This poem was written during the Tong dynasty by Doo Poo. But the historical event upon which the story was based took place during the Yeun dynasty. The Yeun Emperor had many palaces and maids. To facilitate his selection of beautiful companions, he commanded a portrait to be painted of each of the palace ladies. Everyone except Wong Tsou Gewn, bribed the painter, and as a result, her portrait was deprived of all fairness.

When the savage chief of the Huns demanded a beauty for his company, the king sent for Tsou Gewn whom he thought was the ugliest. But when he saw her face to face, he realized too late that Gwen was the fairest of all. Once he had given his word he dared not retract. Tsou Gewn was forced to espouse the desert chief. It was said that during her sojourn in the foreign country till her death, she played the pie pa all day and all night to ease her heart ache.

A Man, A Woman, And A Boy

PATRICIA GIBBONS '58

The decaying stairs wiggled as Harry made his way, slowly up to Mr. Harlowe's flat on the fifth floor. A tear in the tarpaulin covering the third story window was the only light in the narrow stairwell and it cast early morning grey on the youngster's face. He stopped on the landing to change a burlap sack from one hand to the other, and then continued up the stairs.

Mr. Harlowe's door was open on the crack and Harry walked in. The same mute tone enveloped the room and blended with the heavy chairs and massive furniture.

"Mr. Harlowe, sir, I brung yer breakfast."

"Leave it on the table, Harry, will you? I've a terrible headache. You wouldn't have a pill, would you?"

"No, sir, but I'll run to the corner fer one."

"That's a good boy. Tell the old man whose wanting it and he won't bill you."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Harlowe. I'll be back in a jiff."

The boy started down the rotted stairs, carefully steadying his pace with the broken bannister. As before, he stopped on the third floor from the confines of the tarpaulin. It was a drawn little face and the deep blue eyes seemed to be its only important feature. A shock of light hair hung gracefully over his high forehead.

When he reached the corner, he turned into the dim supply store. The proprietor smiled when Harry came in.

"Good morning to ya, Harry. How's things going with ya?"

"Hello, sir. Things is tops. Do you have a sedative fer Mr. Harlowe? He got a terrible one this morning."

"Right-o, my boy. Say, do ya still have that mongrel ya was so fond of?"

"Oh, yes, sir. And he's as good as gold, too, he is, sir."

"I'm glad to hear it, boy. Here's a sedative for the buck.

Tell him old John was asking for him."

"Yes, sir. And thank you, sir."

"Take care of yerself, now, Harry. The winter's coming and ya don't want to catch it."

"I will sir. Good-bye."

When the boy came out of the shop, the first warm light was breaking through the sky. It brought a fuzzy canopy to rest on the top spire of St. Andrew's in the Square and slashed the sky with pink spears. Harry kept close to the buildings on his way back to the flat. Autumn's breezes were cooler than they had been and his thin sweater was far from being warm.

Mrs. Collier was coming out of the building when Harry reached it. She grinned broadly when she saw him and stepped into his path with her huge hands on her even larger hips.

"And where do ya think yer're going at this hour of the day? The Lord himself ain't risen yet. And who are ya going to see? It wouldn't be that Mr. Harlowe, now, would it? You know what I told ya, Harry. That man can't keep himself; even worse, he can't

do nothing good for himself. You know that, Harry. Why do you keep buzzing round the scoundrel? And will ya look at that sweater. It wouldn't keep a canary warm. And after ya being so sick last year. The way ya run yerself fer him. There's a million people including myself who'd take ya fer errand boy. The way ya go here and there getting his bid. Well, I'll be getting along. The shops don't keep out the crowds till I get there, ya know. Now, remember what I told ya boy."

"Yes, ma'am."

Mrs. Collier strutted down the narrow street and Harry looked after her. He had not said a word while she was speaking because she had said the same things to him every morning, every time she had seen him since he had gotten to know Brian Harlowe. In the beginning he used to say that she was mistaken. All he did now was listen.

Once again he climbed the rickety stairs to the flat. How well he knew how to avoid the broken spot in the first flight, the missing step in the second and the cat which was invariably on the third. Mr. Harlowe was up when he returned. A tall, thin man, his bright red hair stood up, badly in need of a haircut.

"Here I am, Mr. Marlowe. Mrs. Collier got my ear or I would've been back sooner."

"That's all right, boy. Did you get it from Old John?"

"I did, sir. It's right here in my pocket. He wanted me ta say he was asking fer ya.

"It is chilly this morning, boy. Your little face is all flushed."

"The winter is sure coming, Mr. Harlowe. The wind is getting up there."

"I was thinking this morning, lad, do you think it would be better if you went back to The Stall? I know it is not the best place in this world, but you would be getting your meals and a good coat for your little back. I don't want you to be getting sick again this year. You were a sick little one then, Harry. Yes, I think you had best forget about your hatred of that place. I was thinking myself about going home. I'll be able to get work there from my cousin. He has a store. I told you about him, didn't I, Harry? I know I'll never be able to have anything published. Your people are tough ones to beat, I'll say that for them. I can't even get a look in. Yes, lad, I was thinking of it just before you came back and I've decided that it would be best for both of us."

"Ya've been good ta me, Mr. Harlowe. Please, don't send me back to that place. If it's me that's worrying ya, I'll go find my bed with someone else. Just this morning Mrs. Collier said that she

would take me in. I could go with her. But, sir, if it's not me that ya don't want, if ya really want ta go home, I'll go back to the Stall. Because I wouldn't know how ta live with anyone else if I couldn't keep doing things fer ya. But, sir, I don't think ya really want that. Ya said just a few days ago that ya thought they had taken a piece of yours for *The Review*. I know I shouldn't be saying this, but ya can't give up. Even Miss Beth said she never heard such stuff as ya can write. She even cried once when ya read a verse ta her."

"Miss Beth is not printing my writings, boy. If she were I wouldn't be thinking the way I am. By the by, Harry, did you put the letter in the drawer when I told you? I'm going there this morning. If that isn't the answer to my prayer, everything will be finished."

"I did that, sir. Is Miss Beth coming today? If she is, I'll have the things all neat. I don't think she likes yer mess. Do ya want me ta make coffe, now, sir? It'll warm ya before going out ta the street."

"Please, boy, while I dress. And Miss Beth is coming but don't bother to tidy. She is well used to the mess of me by this time. You can get a bunch of white violets for her about noon. I should be back about one o'clock."

"Yes, sir, and don't ya worry. I'll see ta everything. Did ya see "Colonel" this morning? I put him out about nine last night but I ain't seen him since. He catches it like me; he shouldn't stay out too long."

"Don'y worry, Harry. He's a good dog and he'll be up when he smells the coffee."

When Brian Harlowe left the flat, Harry cleaned up the dishes and started to tidy up. He worked slowly but with an ease indicative of a pleasant task. By the time the sun had warmed the air completely, Harry had everything in order. He went down the long stairs once again to look for the dog. The narrow street was crowded with children of his own age playing ball with a large, shaggy, dog. Harry whistled and the animal came bounding over to where he was standing.

"Where were you, "Colonel?" You must have a bit of hunger by this time, ya had nothing since last night. Come upstairs and I'll give ya a little something."

The boys in the street resented Harry's taking the dog away and they began to call names at him. He was well used to the calls of the children that he was a sissy and afraid to play with them. He was used to it, yet it always bothered him. Why don't they understand, he thought, that I'd like a play with them but that I have too many other things ta do? Why don't they understand that Mr. Harlowe might be wanting me if I was playing with them and

then I'd have ta leave the game and ha wouldn't be fair? So, all he did was walk to the flat with "Colonel" tagging at his heels.

At noon he walked to the crossing and then to the Square. When Lil saw him she looked quickly through her flowers so that she would be able to give him the prettiest bunch of white violets that she had in her wagon.

"And how's things this morning, Harry? I aint seen ya in an age. I was wondering how you and yer man was. This is the best I have today."

"We're all find, thank ya, ma'am."

"I see ya still got that dog. He must've taken a big liking ta ya. I seen him hanging around fer a long time without being attached to nobody. But he sure took ta ya."

"He's a good dog, he is, good as gold. He likes the winter and the cold, too. I can always tell when he happy. He kinda smiles."

"Ya're letting the fancy take ya, boy. But he's certainly a good mutt."

"I have ta be getting back, ma'am. Thank ya and god-bye."

"Bye, boy. Take care now."

As Harry walked across the Square he could not help noticing the children with their mothers looking into the shop windows. He wondered how it would be to have a mother to take him places, to fix his cuts, to scold him, to tuck him in at night. Only vaguely he remembered his own mother, not the way she looked but how she felt when she tossed his hair. He hurried along not wanting to remember. It was difficult for a little fellow of ten to be by himself and it was even more difficult now that Mr. Harlowe was talking about going home. He had often heard tales of the soft green mountains and the blue-grey waters and Brian Harlowe's eyes glowed when he spoke about the country which he had left.

When he reached the flat Beth Mara was already there, sitting in the window. She was a pretty girl with coal black hair and high coloring.

"Hello, Miss Beth. I'm sorry I wasn't here fer ya. Mr. Harlowe is uptown but he ought ta be back in a jiff."

"I've enjoyed being by myself, Harry. The street looks so much nicer from here. I saw you coming along the street. I do hope that you will wear your jacket the next time you go outdoors. You wouldn't want to catch a bad cold again this year, would you? Is there any coffee in the pot?"

"Yes, ma'am, I'll get it for ya. There's buns that I brought in this morning."

"Coffee will be fine, dear. And I'll get it myself. I'm no longer a guest here, I hope."

When Beth went into the small alcove to fix her coffee, Harry put the flowers behind the books on the table. Brian came in a few minutes later.

"Would you care for a cup of coffee, Brian?"

"A spot of coffee would be just right, now, Beth, thank you."

Harry pointed to the violets behind the books and when Beth sat down Brian handed them to her. She said nothing but understanding softened her dark eyes.

"How did it go this morning, Mr. Harlowe?"

"Just as I had expected, boy. They like my writing well enough. But couldn't I write something for their readers."

"Brian, that isn't the only magazine uptown. There are many others that you haven't tried yet and . . ."

"Beth, I've been to all the good ones and I just don't fit. I've given up. I'm going home."

"Brian, you haven't given yourself time. And you've had jobs. I know they weren't exactly what you wanted or as many as you needed, but you must be patient. You can't give up, now Brian. What would happen to the boy?"

She turned to Harry and saw that he was sitting quietly at the window where she had been when he came in. His head was bowed; she knew that he was crying.

"I've worked the whole thing out in my mind, Beth. The boy can go in with another family. Only this morning Mrs. Collier said she would take him."

"I'm going out ta look fer "Colonel", Mr. Harlowe. I'll be back ta help with the meal."

"Run along, Harry. I'll take care of dinner. Come back when it takes you."

Beth sat in the window and watched Harry walk up the narrow street. She thought how pitifully thin he was and how his little legs seemed to break under the pressure of his body. She saw him cross the Square and disappear into the dusk and the buildings.

"He is such a good fellow, Brian. You know as well as I that it would be no good for him to take up with Mrs. Collier. She would make him her galley-boy and no more than that. And you couldn't make him go back to the Stall. Why don't you give it another try? Sooner or later you'll hit it; you're too good not to. I really can't imagine your attending to a counter for the rest of your life any more than you can. When I started out I walked my feet off trying

to get a job and all of a sudden I got the break from the most unexpected place. You know the rest of the story. I've spoken to Jonathan Green about you again and he said he was looking around to see what he could do. He might come up with something; even if it were small you would be on your way. Brian, when I think of the nights we've spent talking and reading I can't understand how you can toss all your hopes to the four winds without a second thought."

"I don't want to talk about it. I feel bad about the boy and I do not care in the least about the idea of the shop but it will be a far sight better than living in this place for the rest of my life, being supported by a couple of articles and you. A man can only go so far."

"When I first met you, Brian, you told me that you were tired of running, that you were going to stay here and make the best of things. Everything eventually catches up with you, some place, some time. I'm leaving now, Brian. I'll come by in the morning. Please, think this over, from every side, especially from your own. If you then decide that you are going, I will not say another word to you. If I see Harry I'll send him along."

It was almost nine o'clock before Brian realized that Harry had not come back. The street was deserted and the Sqaure was too dark to see through. The night always held a magical charm for Brian Harlowe which permitted him to think very clearly. The dark obscured all the unimportant outside complications that made his problems seem so much larger during the day. Sitting in the window, Brian saw this problem in what he knew was its proper perspective. I have no obligation to anyone, he thought, not to Harry, not to Beth, not to anyone but myself. And I'm not running away. I'm facing up to the situation. All these months I've been blaming people when I should have been blaming myself. I'm just not good enough for here, or for anywhere. What else is there but to go home?

In the morning, Harry followed his usual routine: down to the store for the breakfast, chats with the store keepers and the neighbors and the long walks up and down the broken stairs. He knew what Mr. Harlowe had decided and he knew why. The boy had been told nothing; it was just the way Mr. Harlowe looked at him. Beth came by at ten o'clock and she knew, too. And all Brian did was look at them wondering why he felt guilty this morning when they were both with him, waiting; why nothing really mattered last night but himself.

"When are you leaving, Brian?"

"I'm not sure. I imagine as soon as I can get a boat going across that I can work on."

"Sir, is there anything I can get for you? Is there anything you'd like?"

"No, lad."

"I'll go out and fetch the "Colonel"; he's probably in the street with the children. Don't worry about me, sir."

"I'll look for you at dinner, Harry. We'll have something special."

"Good-bye, Miss Beth."

When Harry had gone Beth and Brian watched him from the high window.

"I have a feeling that he won't be back tonight, Brian. He seemed to be saying good-bye, in his own way."

"That is silly, Beth. The boy has no other place to go. Would you like a spot of coffee?"

"Thanks, Brian. I'll put it on. I'm not going to ask you to explain why you have decided the way you have. All I hope is that you've thought it over carefully and that you're not letting yourself down. Pride works two ways, you know. Here is your coffee."

"Beth, can't you understand that there is no use trying to figure this thing out. Last night I was sure of myself; now I'm not. But, I know that I'm right. I have to be."

This is a story about love, about a first love, and it's not too new, nor perhaps too interesting. There are so many tales of love and lovers, about loves that are happy and loves that are sad, about loves that end in marriage and loves that end with cyanide. It's fortunate that this story concerns the love of an eleven year old boy, for it ends neither with cyanide nor marriage. . . .

When I finished the sixth grade, I started to go to the junior high school which was about a twenty minute walk from home. It was during my second term at school that I fell in love with Jocelyn. Who was Jocelyn? She was two years older than myself, thirteen, and wore shoes with high heels. Was she pretty? I really can't say; what does it mean to be pretty? To have rosy cheeks, and dark eyes? Jocelyn was pale and had blue eyes. So I never could be certain if she were pretty, but pretty or not, Jocelyn wore shoes with high heels and that was enough for me; I fell in love with her. Really in love, deeply in love, immortally in love. Day and night, at home, in school, in the street, I was possessed by Jocelyn and Jocelyn's shoes with the high heels.

Jocelyn lived next door to the junior high school. When I realized that I could not live without her, worldly things no longer meant a thing to me, and I dedicated myself to school and never missed a day. Passing Jocelyn's house on the way to school, I would stop a moment and look up at her window and then go on with my heart full of joy. I behaved myself at school for I knew if the teacher was pleased with me I would be appointed monitor. I was sure that if Jocelyn passed and saw me on duty she would realize that I was no ordinary boy, but one she might admire and respect. Month after month, day in and day out, I monitored the groups of boys in the school yard, but Jocelyn showed no change in her attitude. It was clear that I would have to find a better way to win her.

HEELS

But how I could do this remained a problem. Each day Jocelyn grew more beautiful, more desirable, and more precious. In my mind her round pale face rose higher and higher like the moon rising across the sky. Yet, more splendid than the moon, more brilliant, was Jocelyn. I kept meeting her accidentally—strolling with her sister, in the post-office, at the library, but still I could not think of a way to win her. Day after day, I would walk past her house and back home again. What would the outcome be? Was this romance? Perhaps I could find a solution in a book—a book about love. I found several in the library, all with love in the title, and read and re-read them. But they offered no solution to my problem; they confused me all the more. Finally there was one book—the heroine bore no resemblance to Jocelyn, but the hero did suggest a plan—a simple plan—it was sure to win Jocelyn's attention.

For the next month I saved money, I saved the nickels that mother gave me to buy candy at recess-time, and saved the allowance my father gave me for; a whole month I did not go to the movies. The time passed slowly, but in five weeks I had saved enough. I had two dollars. On Saturday I would buy it. I went to the candy store and put my coins on the counter and said, "A box — a box of candy — that one, for two dollars." The man wrapped the box and handed it to me saying, "Thank you Sir."

And so at last I had the box of candy, a gift. I brought it home and hid it in my bedroom. That night I carefully undid the wrapper and looked inside. The dark caramels, shiny sugar candies, bitter sweet chocolates, and jellied fruit candies. Should I taste a piece? I decided not to — every piece was for her — it was Jocelyn's candy. With the greatest care I wrapped the candy up again and tied the package with red ribbon I had found in mother's sewing box.

But when should I present the gift. I knew Jocelyn's whereabouts at certain times of the day as well as anyone could. On Monday nights she returned from the library at eight o'clock. I could give it to her then.

I simply haven't the power to describe to you what I went through during those hours until I was to present the gift. Not I, nor anyone else could tell you. But the hours were torturous. Finally, Monday arrived and dragged on and finally school let out. I rushed home and ran to my room. The box of candy was safe. I tried to read, but was nervous. Finally it was dinner time and I labored through the meal. At seven o'clock I returned to my room and changed my shirt. I combed my hair, and washed my face. At seven-fifteen I slipped the box of candy under my jacket and left the house. I walked around the neighborhood looking in store windows, perhaps I might see something to buy for Jocelyn for the next time. At seven-forty-five I walked past the library and around the block three times.

Finally she came out. I cut around the corner and raced to her house. I arrived a few minutes before she did. She was wearing a light blue dress and I could see her a block and a half away. My hands were trembling. I sighed deeply and waited. Now at last she was near — I stood face to face with her at the gate.

"What do you want," she asked.

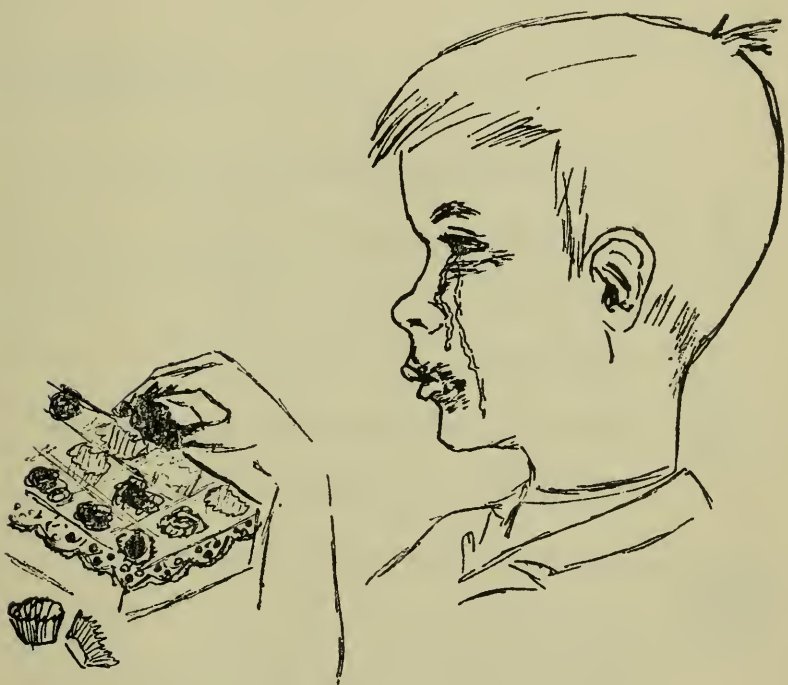
"Jocelyn, — This, — Jocelyn, take this, — it's for you."

"What for?"

"For nothing, nothing, just for you," I blurted out.

“Are you crazy or something?” She brushed past me and ran into the house.

I walked home and went to my bedroom. She didn't understand, she didn't know about the past months. And she didn't understand the gift. I looked up at the huge moon in the sky and wondered about Jocelyn. I knew then that I could never be the same again. My whole body ached. At ten o'clock I went to bed and ate the large beautiful candies.



THE RIVER and THE SEA

BEATRICE BASILI '58

Come and fill these brooks with rain,
And willow trees with dewdrops.
Let me lie in dampened fields
Grass caressing heaven's tears.
Oh earth, this dampened land beneath me,
This flowing river filled with gold,
These eyes that know now but to weep
Let them weep til rivers flow
To dreams that I shall some day see,
To love that I shall some day know.

T H E I D O L

*The following original manuscript
has won a merit award from the
ATLANTIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

The dark wooden idol hung phlegmatically from Maureen's neck. It moved only rather nonchalantly on her black sweater as she walked. It was extremely hot and the air was heavy and still, the way it always is just before a storm. The streets were crowded with people who had come to the Village to look at the exhibit. She pushed her way through some red-necked southerners. Maureen walked assuredly and with the familiarity that comes only from living in a place for a long time. It was a false familiarity since she did not live here. Greenwich Village was her home, though, she felt sure of that. Nya, Joey, Karl all of them were her friends, that she knew. She touched the wooden figurine that hung around her neck and affectionately patted it. This was her key—her emblem. It was like a girl scout badge, she thought rather cynically, since she had never belonged to the girl scouts.

When she reached Christopher street she turned down and walked close to the buildings looking up at the numbers on the doors. As she walked she smiled to herself at the thought that someday she'd be living in one of these houses. A garret of her own! She stopped suddenly and self consciously touched her

skirt. She began to feel anger at her mother for not letting her wear slacks. She touched her hair and arranged her skirt. She wondered if she looked all right. She hoped she didn't look young or gauche. If there was one thing that Nya, Joey and the rest of the gang hated was people who tried to look too bohemian. But she was one of them, she belonged, there was no need to try to assume airs that were not hers. She certainly must belong with them. She knew that this must be her place, not in the straight-laced academy where to be different was a mortal sin. She smiled as she remembered the Sister's face when she first saw the wooden symbol that she wore around her neck. Maureen remembered wanting to tell her, I wear this instead of my miraculous medal because I hate those overly ornate, superfluous medallions. When she saw the number seventy-four on the door, her heart began to throb excitedly. One door away was her destination. She felt the same sensation of being both happy and extremely terrified. What if they laughed at her, and told her to leave? That was always the question that ran through her mind at this particular point.

Nya opened the door. She

brushed her dark hair out of her eyes and smiled at Maureen. "Come in, doll," she said in a soft voice that was both sultry and masculine. The change in lighting hurt Maureen's eyes but she refused to rub them - how gauche could one get she thought. The blue lights, the soft jazz music and the shadowy figures seated on a few chairs, a sofa, and mostly on the floor seemed quite unreal after the glaring sunlight. Unreality was impossible, reasoned Maureen as she kicked some used paint tubes out of her way and sat down facing the hi-fi set. Everyone was entranced with the music. They stared at the brown box that contained the four way speaker in the same manner that her two brothers did her television set. The difference she assured herself was that these people were intelligent and doing something meaningful unlike Mike and Johnny. Brave new people who were not afraid of facing and opposing society, the society of which her mother longed to be a part. Maureen's mother had the same taste and longings that the "wish projecting class", that Joey wrote about in his book had. She was of the genre that is called "poor relations" in common nomenclature, but became the "wish-projecting" masses under Joey Winberge's expert hands. Maureen could almost hear her mother saying, "all I want for you is that you can have just a little something, not that you need to live as good as your Uncle Tom

or my sister in law's cousin Mary. Just so you'll have enough to live like somebody decent." Middle class ideals, Joey would smirk. Plebians, squares, day people, straight folks, these were all terms that her kind of people (the people in this room) used to describe her parents and the people that belong to society. Those who lived above fourteenth street!

She hadn't been listening to the music and she hoped no one had noticed. She felt a little ashamed that she hadn't been able to keep concentrating on it the way the others did. It was time to talk now decided Nya. Maureen looked at the floor not wanting to look into Nya's eyes. They were too dark, too treacherous. They whispered things that she only half understood. She was attracted to Nya and at the same time her fear of her made Maureen retire in a timid awe whenever they were near each other.

Andy, the thin negro boy with the sweet feminine voice, started to tell about his experiences on the train when he returned to the South on a recent visit. He spoke in a singing voice and the shrill sweetness of it seemed to indicate something to the boy sitting next to Maureen that she did not quite comprehend. Nya sensed the fact that Andy was not communicating favorably and she cut short his little anecdote by asking him to dance for them. Dave picked up the bongos from the corner. Nya sat down next to

Maureen and, the exhibition began. Andy's body moved rhythmically, but sporadically. He would begin a certain movement and then abruptly start a different one. Maureen attributed this to the inconsistent beat of the bongos. Dave seemed to play the same way, yet very often the two seemed to be mutually exclusive. Dave bent heavily over the bongos that were pressed tightly between his legs. His eyes were fixed intently on the drums and he seemed to have become one with what he was doing. Maureen concentrated on the dancing for a little while, but she couldn't keep her mind from wandering. When she caught herself day dreaming she looked up guiltily and invariably found that Nya was staring at her. She felt twice as embarrassed as before because she was quite sure that the dark eyed Nya could easily read her thought. Maureen longed to think of something terribly witty to say to Nya, she was sure that Nya had no intellectual respect for her letting her come to her apartment strictly out of charity. The old feeling of insecurity was taking possession of her again.

Andy had ceased to dance and Zara and Sid were reading their poetry: "The brown leaf fell/, the brown leaf/ the brown/ the . . .

life moves like a river/ life move moves like a river/ life . . ."

and on they went in beautiful euphonious tones. Maureen listened intently to their poetry, she liked poetry very much. Much to her own surprise the next thing she knew she was standing up announcing to the listening world that she had a selection to render. Faltering she began: "The idol of darkwood lives/ the idol of dark wood/ the idol of dark/ the idol of/ the . . ." Nya stood up gracefully and moved swiftly towards her with extended hands. She smiled a deep smile of approval. Not turning from Maureen to look on her audience she said, "This little one has much to offer us." Maureen bushed, this of course was the damnest thing to do at that point, but she was overcome. She was very proud that she had done something bright and blasé in front of the group and most important in front of Nya. She had talked politely to individuals in small groups, but never had expressed herself to everyone. She wasn't too sure what she had said, but she knew she had her trusty wooden figurine to thank for her success. The idol of dark wood lives/ the idol of dark/ the idol of dark/ the idol of/ the idol/ the . . .

LORIA



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AUTHOR

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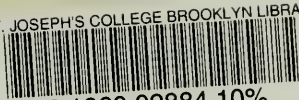
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